Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, APRIL 7, 1898. NUMBER 6

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE
Notes ---- 131
The Festival of Life ---- 133
Notes by E. P. Powell ---- 134
THE ETHICAL WORLD—W. L. S. ---- 136
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
In Re Vedanta—G. E. W. ---- 137
Two Lectures on Japan—B. L. Gorton ---- 137
Cheerfulness ---- 138
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:
Great Hopes for Great Souls—Jenkin Lloyd Jones ---- 139
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:
The Religions of the World XVI—China, Its Literature and Religion ---- 142
THE STUDY TABLE:
Mr. Bodley's France ---- 143
THE HOME:
Helps to High Living ---- 144
A Talk with a Bluebird—Fred. W Batchelder ---- 145
A Good Example of Doctor and Patients 145
THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Albany, N. Y. ---- 146
Philadelphia ---- 146
Rock Rapids, Ia. ---- 146
Books Received ---- 146
POETRY:
To-day and Forever—Anna H. Frost ---- 129
A Fragment—From an Unpublished Poem by E. P. Powell ---- 135
Nature's Voice—William Brunton ---- 137
The Rev. John Freeman'—*Clement Freeman* ---- 143
I Climb to Rest—*Lucy Larcom* ---- 144
Spring's Return—*Virginia C. Castleman* ---- 145
Clouds of Evening—*Edith M. Thomas* 145
The Easter Bonnet—*Frank L. Stanton* 146

TO-DAY AND FOREVER

✠

Before Niagara's eternal tide
I stood and heard the solemn, thund'rous roar,
I watched the awful flood unceasing pour,
The mystic rainbow spanning high and wide,
In whose bright arch each starry drop descried
One instant flashed, then broke, its radiance o'er,
To mortal vison lost for evermore;
Epitome of human life and pride!
A bubble bursts! gone pageant, pomp and palm!
So Man, the Unit, flashes, disappears;
But choired by cosmic chant and prophet-psalm,
Mankind, with all its doubts and hopes and fears,
In Immortality's majestic calm
Rolls grandly down the everlasting years.

ANNA H. FROST.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

PROGRAM

IOWA LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

TO BE HELD AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, APRIL 26, 27, and 28, 1898.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—By H. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.
Address—Mary A. Safford, Pastor of Unity Church, Sioux City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

MRS. ADAH VAN VECHTEN, Presiding.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service — Conducted by Charles Graves, Pastor of Unity Church, Humboldt.

9:30 a. m.—"Some Causes of Modern Unbelief."—N. S. Sage, D. D., Pastor of All Souls Church (Universalist), Charles City.

10:15 a. m.—"Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero-heart."—Arthur M. Judy, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Davenport.

11:00 a. m.—"An Expurgated Christianity."—Sophie Gibb, Pastor of First Universalist Church of Boone.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding Papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service—Conducted by John Mulholland, Pastor of the Independent Universalist Church, Iowa Falls.

9:30 a. m.—"Women's Clubs and the Church."—Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Cedar Rapids.

10:00 a. m.—"The Church and Young Men."—P. M. Harmon, D. D., Pastor of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

10:30 a. m.—Paper—"Higher Ethical Standards for the Home and Social Life." Rev. Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha, Neb.

11:00 a. m.—"Reciprocity: What a Church can do for a Community; What a Community can do for a Church." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest times, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pines or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

—SAM'L LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—"Unity and Co-operation."—Chas. E. Perkins, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Keosauqua.

2:30 p. m.—A Free Parliament for the discussion of this subject, and enlarging into a general discussion of the kindred one, "The Fraternity of the Sects: What can we each contribute to the Spiritual Elevation of our Time?"

4:00 p. m.—"The Ideal Reformer."—Amos Crum, D. D., State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, Webster City.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Edmund M. Vittum, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Grinnell.

After the sermon, a reception will be tendered to the people from abroad by the membership of the Universalist Society.

"A Word of Welcome."—C. D. Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids.

"A Word in Response."—Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

HON. JOHN M. REDMOND, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—Address—"The Evils of Hasty and Unconsidered Legislation." Hon. J. H. Funk, Speaker House Representatives, Iowa Falls.

2:30 p. m.—"Poverty as a Social Factor."—A. G. Wilson, Pastor of Unity Church, Decorah.

3:00 p. m.—"A Cure for Poverty."—Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

3:45 p. m.—"The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization."—Jos. Stolz, Rabbi Isaiah Congregation, Chicago.

4:30 p. m.—"The Public School as a Teacher of Morals and Patriotism."—O. J. Laylander, Superintendent Schools, Cedar Falls.

RECESS.

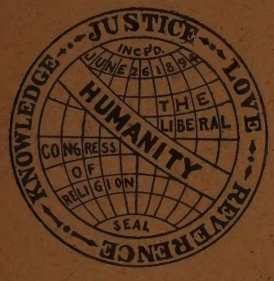
7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls Church, and Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.

"The Concluding Word."—Thomas B. Gregory, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

RAILROADS Cedar Rapids may be reached by The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Illinois Central Railways. The exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, corner Third Avenue and Sixth Street, three blocks away from the Union Station. Reception Committee will be found at the church. For further particulars, inquire of the Local Secretary, J. H. PALMER, 520 Eighth Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1898. NUMBER 6



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Life wooed the earth. Darkness covered the land, but fear was passed away. The air was full of tender feeling. There was a murmuring sound which was neither the twittering of birds, nor the rippling of water, nor the rustling of leaves. It was the voice of Love answering the call of Life.

The darkness deepened. All sound died away into an expectant hush. The stillness thrilled as with the breath of an awakening sleeper. A tinge of gray light touched the East; a shaft of red piereed the gray. Dawn melted into morning, winter into spring. Earth lay smiling in her bridal robes. The grass was green. The wind flowers were blooming on the hills. Pink buds were swelling everywhere, and everywhere a sound of harmony, a strain of melody floating through space. It was still not the singing of birds, nor the flowing of water, nor the rustling of leaves. It was not the fanning of the butterfly's wing, nor the stirring of roots in their earthy beds, nor the rushing of sap through young branches. It was all of these mingling together in one divine song of love and life.

O infinite, transforming mystery, touch thou our lives also, and renew thy spirit within us.

LILA FROST SPRAGUE.

Again the issues of THE NEW UNITY have been exhausted for February 24th and March 24th, but the call for them has not ceased and those readers who are willing to spare those copies will accommodate the publisher and some other readers.

As we go to press the results of this week's election are coming in. In Chicago the real issue was a single one, a desperate struggle for an honest council. The best elements scarcely hoped for more than a reliable third that would sustain a mayor's veto to corrupt legislation. The issue would have been a simple one and the canvass a successful one for good government, for there are more honest people than rogues in Chicago, were it not for the complications and the entanglements of party politics. The fetish of the American voter is his *party*. Many honorable republicans cannot forget their party loyalty long enough to vote for the better man on the other side, and there are as many or more Democrats who are slaves to the superstition that a bad Democrat is better than a good Republican anywhere; and so the humiliating distraction goes on. As it is, the "honest third" has been secured; many bad men have been retired and good men returned. Yerkes has been headed off once more.

The *International Journal of Ethics* for April is a notable number of one of the most notable quarterlies that comes to our table. Jane Addams' study of "The Ethical Survivals in Municipal Corruption" is the leading article, and if we are not mistaken, is one of the most important studies in politics that have been published for a long time. The striking illustration of the Nineteenth ward in Chicago is unfortunately of widespread application. Mr. Felix Adler's article on "The Moral Value of Silence" is another paper of great beauty in diction and of profound ethical insight. It is a noble sermon of the higher life. These two articles alone ought to call for wide circulation.

Nature and Art is the name of a new magazine edited by John M. Coulter, which proposes to use the recent discoveries in color photography in a wider range of study for children than is used by the magazine called *Birds*, of which we have frequently spoken. The March number concerns itself with lakes and rivers, with the Niagara in color for a frontispiece. This is a book for teachers and mothers and professors, as well as children. There is no attempt at small talk in these pages. It is written in the conviction that the plain facts of nature, the marvels of river and flood possess an irresistible attraction to old and young when simply presented as they appear to the learned eye. This is a paper to go into the schoolroom and the home. One dollar a year. Nature and Art Publication Company, 315 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Mr. William Kent, ex-alderman and ex-chairman of the board of trustees of All Souls church, Chicago,

MEADVILLE

closed, last Sunday night, the series of ante-election addresses in the pulpit of that church. The largest audience yet gathered welcomed him, and the large percentage of professional and business men outside the church fellowship, showed in what esteem Mr. Kent is held. Mr. Kent is a young man, steadily growing as a leader of conscience in municipal affairs. To-day he represents one of the "forces" that are creating a corporate conscience for Chicago. His subject was "Who are the Anarchists? We hope to point our reader to the full address soon. Meanwhile, the following may indicate the trend of thought which will then interest our readers. Let no one call him an extremist or a crank who speaks such fundamental wisdom as this:

Not the isolated radical who hurls his little inkpot at the temple of law is the element of destruction, but the man who undermines its foundation — he is the anarchist. Unscrupulous men of finance, purchasers of legislation, barterers of public rights, perverters of law and justice—they are the anarchists, whom we do not seek in the purlieus of "Little Hell" or Goose Island.

The sermon which is published in this week's issue, "Great Hopes for Great Souls," by Mr. Jones, was first printed in this paper in 1885. Since then it has passed through various editions in pamphlet form, and has long been out of print. The call for it induces us to reprint. The composition will be used to pamphlet it again, so that it may be once more available to those who reach out for hope in darkness and strength in weakness. It is a passing handling of a permanent theme, a transient word concerning an eternal truth.

As we write, the clouds of uncertainty and the ominous shadows of war still hang over us. We trust that the black pall will be lifted before this reaches our readers, and that Easter may bring, indeed, the buoyancy that belongs to Easter time. To our mind the situation grows more and more clear. A demand of the humanities will be received not only by Spain, but by the civilized world, much more sanely than a demand for vengeance. Let us demand of Spain the privilege to send bread and not bullets to Cuba, and peace and freedom will come to that distracted island all the more quickly. It is a benign suggestion that Archbishop Ireland of the United States should co-operate with any functionary of the Catholic church in Spain or Cuba named by the Spanish government, and acceptable to the Cubans, to superintend the relief work. Let Congress appropriate a million dollars to a Relief Fund, to be administered under the flag of the Red Cross; meanwhile let the United States use all its interest to bring about a cessation of hostilities, and invoke the co-operation of all the powers of Europe in bringing an end to the sad and fruitless slaughter. Still we believe in peace, and believe that it is practical and just as good statesmanship as it is good religion and good morals.

The sermon published, in our last, "A Plea for Peace Among the Nations," by Mr. Jones, has been put into a pamphlet which bears on its cover the suggestion of a peace flag, in colors, and it can be ordered at the office of THE NEW UNITY. See advertisement in another column.

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane found her opportunity and seized it when the other day a devastating fire at Kalamazoo caused ten deaths and the inevitable sorrow that follows. The court of inquiry found natural causes for the calamity, while certain ministers of the town found a supernatural significance in the occasion. It was "God speaking to Kalamazoo because of their sins." The chemical factory had been exploded because of the prevalence of dancing and card-playing. Mrs. Crane goes to the root of this matter, traces the effects of the one and the other doctrine upon civilization as illustrated in the history of vaccination, lightning-rods, etc. It is a primal lesson in rational religion. The sad thing about it is that it is necessary; the cheering thing about it is that Mrs. Crane has sense to discover the time and place, and the tact and wisdom to give the lesson when it will be most acceptable. The pith of the sermon, "that God expects us to help ourselves and Him," she gives in this story:

We read of the little girl who was much distressed to find some bird-traps in the meadow. "I knelt right down," she said, "and prayed that God would not let the birds get into the traps. And then, I prayed that God would not let the traps catch the birds. And then," she added, "I got up and kicked the traps all to pieces."

It is a hopeful indication of the tendency among churches to find that the Fifth Presbyterian church of Chicago, located on the corner of Thirtieth street and Indiana avenue, and the Kenwood Presbyterian church, located two miles away, propose to join forces, dispose of both properties, and build a new church somewhere on Drexel boulevard. There is some further hope that the small Forrestville Congregational church and, maybe, the Presbyterian element in the Union Evangelical church, will join in this new movement, thus making one strong church in lieu of two or four weaklings. This is hopeful, but it will be more hopeful when churches differing in unimportant things will unite on the fundamentals. When weak churches will cross denominational lines and stand together for the fundamentals about which there can be no serious difference of opinion. We can readily think of more than one town where there is a weak Unitarian or Universalist Congregationalist church, and the none too strong Trinitarian Congregationalist church. We believe that it is not so far distant when there will be negotiations for union between them. When the weaker church will say to the stronger, give us a place among you. We ask only for the privilege of thinking as we can and as we must, on the great questions of religion, granting you the same privilege. Let us work and worship together. Such a suggestion will not come in the interest of compromise, but in the interest of intellectual integrity on both sides, and of spiritual potency all around. This suggestion may produce a smile of incredulity now, but we believe that it is a practical suggestion, and that in many places it will be acted upon within the next twenty-five years.

The Festival of Life.

The archæology of Easter is interesting. The conventional emblems and symbols are inspiring. The Easter egg, the Easter cross, the Easter lily, and the Easter story of a risen Lord, and the humbler story of the Teutonic goddess, whose name marks our festival, Oestra, the goddess of spring, with budding fingers and garlanded hair, are ever beautiful and ever delightful and delighting.

But alas! for us if our Easter must ever be in the past tense. Let our festival be in the present tense. Our hope of immortality should poise itself upon a base that rests in our own hearts; the center of gravity should fall within our own being. The resurrection should not be an antique story of a Judean event, but a testimony of present experience, the revived hope, the returned life, the renewed acquaintance—this is the gladness which ought to be at the heart of the Easter joy.

In witness of this joy in other hearts, and suggesting the same in our own, here is a little handful of printed matter lying on the editorial table, which we will enumerate as our offering to the Easter thoughtfulness.

First, here is a message from over the water, J. Estlin Carpenter's word on "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," reprinted from the *New World* of last December. It seems to us that this must be about the wisest, clearest, noblest word of recent publication upon this great theme. Here is learning, poetry, and filial trust combining to produce the triumphant anthem. The argument from historical religion as exemplified in many faiths, the education of the "sons of God," the demand for retribution and recompense, and the final victory of the good, all point to the final climax:

> The high desire of knowledge that cannot bear to leave its problems unsolved; the creative power of imagination shaping forth new forms of loveliness with inexhaustible variety; the passionate longing for the liberation of man from ignorance and error; the illimitable yearning for a share in his redemption from sin; the joy in wonder, reverence, humility, as far-off visions of God's thought and love, His beauty and righteousness, dawn brighter and clearer on our sight—who can be weary of these things? Who can shrink from their summons to perpetual endeavor, who turn aside from the gracious invitation which they bring from the Father of our spirits? Who will not pray, if prayer for such a boon be lawful, that the mysterious teacher whom we call Death may whisper to us, like Him of old, "I am come that ye may have life, and may have it abundantly?"

And here is a little volume "In Memoriam" of our prophetic and lamented friend, Charles F. Bradley, published by the Unitarian church at Quincy, whose pulpit he illuminated for nine years. The story of the life is briefly told. The tender memorial service is reported. Mr. Duncan's address to the Church of Good Will at Streator, in which he paid the tribute of a loving disciple is here printed, and crowning all is Mr. Bradley's own Easter address given to his Quincy congregation three years ago this Easter—his "The Fairer To-morrow." By cautious steps his timid, almost halting modesty, at last reaches the confidence of the sage and the ecstasy of the saint.

> They who have gathered strength out of weakness, who have felt the humiliating, sorrowful vanities of the changeful world and fled to the heights where faithfulness and sincerity dwell, who have sought life's high meaning in comradeship with truth, in thoughts which sound the deep events of destiny where hide the vast harmonies of universal power, who stand in the open vision, their heart dreams glowing with the passion of the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," know that the infinite silence can be trusted. They front the unknown, neither halting nor timorous, the fairer, fuller to-morrow singing through their souls. The forward look is in their faces, and their minds enriched by the vigor of life's striving and life's woe, fullest and ripest then when earth has no more for them to do or to bear, leap into the vast silence to
>
> "Strive and thrive! To speed, fight on, fare ever
> There as here!"

With humbler touch, an apprentice's hand, Lucy E. Textor, pastor of the Unitarian church of Grand Haven, Mich., recently said a word on "Death and the Hereafter," which her congregation rightly desired to prolong in print. Because it is the word of an apprentice, a young soul, a hopeful child of the spirit, we make room for her word:

> We must believe that just as descending night temporarily robs us of the heat and light of the sun and the beauty of the out-door world, only to reveal to us the starry hosts of heaven gleaming like diamonds in their setting of blue, so death deprives us of the delights of the world to which we are accustomed, only to acquaint us with others, rarer and infinitely more precious. After all, we are God's children, and on Him we may rely. He has cared for us in this world. He will watch over us when we leave it. Ours be the part, then, to go on hoping and working, assured that no harm can befall us, that all the forces of the universe, even mysterious death, make for our best welfare and our highest happiness.

And lastly, Edward Waldo Emerson in the line of fame has published the poem which he read before the Phi Beta Kappa University last fall, entitled, "The Winning Game." It is a venturesome thing for the son of Ralph Waldo Emerson to print a poem, but surely neither the memory nor the fame of so great a father should suppress these noble lines. Life is "the winning game" here discussed.

> For Life is rich and fertile, strong and brave,
> Beyond compare a glorious boon to have.

And life here tells how man has "righted ancient wrong."

> He has read his scroll in the rocks,
> He has read his doom in the sun;
> At the impossible he mocks,
> He rends the veil and he scorns the locks
> Till his appointed day be done.
> And he shall abide his doom,
> When he and his triumphs, swathed in mould,
> Hearsed in a planet dead and cold,
> Ride through the ages to their tomb.

Even then the voice takes up the word and shows how the century's triumph over nature's forces prove that the spirit of man shall triumph even over time.

Nay, the triumph over Time
He shall win who still would climb
Above the turmoil of the mart,
A breathing space to sit apart.
Who from the deafening din his ear,
From blinding dust his eye would clear,
Shall justly weigh the near and far,
Nor let the mote eclipse the star.
Him the near bauble shall not blind
To the dread weight slow piling up behind;
Nor shall he know the day of doom
When the sure overpoise shall come,
The fatal scale shall fall.
Welcome to him shall ever be
The guardians of his destiny,
Clear-eyed honor, reverence, shame,
And elder gods without a name,
Keepers of the sacred bounds
That stay the Furies in their rounds.

And so in this "Winning Game" we rise again to the Easter triumph and the deathless hope, a present faith vindicated by a faith that trusts the "God of things as they are."

Void of conscience, deem thou not
Those who in their toiling lot
Still pursue the things that seem.
While the tribes shall rise and fall
On the flower-embroidered ball,
Hundreds toil for what shall perish,
Yet, above all, love and cherish
Him who, forgotten and alone,
Their slighted task for them hath done.

The gods—speak they no more?
When unto thee at noon shall come
Word from the captive in the mine
That the broad sun hath ceased to shine,
And thou for his thy faith resign,
Believe the oracles are dumb.
The miracles forever come,
And, oft unheeded, as of yore,
The saints to-day stand at thy door.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

We read, both from European and American periodicals, a general confession that France, as well as Germany and Italy, are practically at the mercy of their armies. The Dreyfus case was, in all probability, dictated, and its management forced upon the courts by the threats of French officers. We are concerned in this, mainly, when we face the question of war. Except in the cause of justice, and under the most extreme provocation, it is not the interest of our Republic to be engaged in warfare. A clash of arms immediately calls for an increase of armed forces and an enlarged navy. This means a proportionate increase of militarism in public sentiment. This is a course easier to be entered upon than to be escaped from. We still believe, with Washington and Jefferson, that our path should be the path of peace. On this line lies the interest not only of progressive humanity, but of republican liberty. We must fight only in the cause of right, justice, truth, and our fellowmen.

One of the most remarkable movements of the present year is the effort to extend the sale of that specific food which goes by the name of Indian corn. The corn of Europe, including wheat, oats, and barley, has had a world-wide market; yet we can remember that fifty years ago oats were only considered fit food for horses. Up to two years ago Europe knew almost nothing of the uses of our great staple. The export of corn since that has increased three-fold. The agriculturalists, with President Cleveland's encouragement, kept an agent in Europe to educate the people in the proper methods of cooking Indian corn. The missionary work performed by this agent, Mr. Ch. J. Murphy, was very successful. The total exports last year were 69,000,000 bushels above any previous year. This is political economy of the right sort. Americans need to revive the methods of the Colonists, who commanded the markets of the world. It is proposed to have an extensive corn exhibit at the Paris Exposition in 1900, when corn cakes and corn bread will be furnished to visitors.

A Bonn professor states that he has traced the posterity of an alcoholic ancestress to the present day. Of her 834 descendants, he was able to trace 709. Of these, 106 were illegitimate; 162 made begging a trade; 64 passed most of their days in workhouses; 181 being women, gave way to dissolute habits; 76 were criminals, and 7 were condemned for murder. A writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* shows the effect of the saloon curse by the following table:

	DRINKERS.	TEMPERATE.
Number of children	57	61
Deaths under one week old	25	6
Idiots	5	0
Dwarfs (stunted in growth)	5	0
Epileptics	5	0
Chorea, ended in idiocy	1	0
Deformed and diseased	5	0
Hereditary drunkards	2	0

Those who have opposed evolution have continually called for the missing links. There really are few links missing, although it would make no difference with the general theory of evolutionary development if there were more. One of the most remarkable links has just been discovered in the recesses of South America, along the Amazon estuaries. The hoatzin is a bird that possesses, while a nestling, four legs, two of which resemble those of reptiles. While young, the birds use these front legs for climbing over adjacent limbs, acting very much like tree toads. But the birds, when full grown, not only have no claws upon their wings, but these front, or reptilian legs, have developed into complete wings, as well feathered as those of a turkey. In the nestlings we find the nearest approach to quadrupeds now known among birds. In other words, the young birds are reptilian, and the old birds have entirely broken loose from that association.

The Ethical Word.

"POLUS—*At any rate, you will not allow that he who is unjustly put to death is wretched and to be pitied?*

"SOCRATES—*Not so much, Polus, as he who kills him, and not so much as he who is justly killed. * * * I certainly think that to do injustice is a greater evil than to suffer injustice. * * * And now I can define to you clearly and without ambiguity, what I mean by the just and unjust: When anger and fear, and pleasure and pain, and jealousies and desires, tyrannize over the soul, I call all this injustice. * * * Justice is concerned not with the outward man, but with the inward. For the just man does not permit the several elements to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others. He sets in order his own inner life and is his own master and his own law, and at peace with himself. * * * I would rather that my lyre should be inharmonious; aye, or that the whole world should be at odds with me and oppose me, rather than that I myself should be at odds with myself!*"

PLATO.

Will some one please define justice—only give us a definition that will *stay* and be adequate. It ought to be easy enough to do this. We all have enough experience with injustice, and we are quite ready to denounce it, especially when it is committed against ourselves. Then why not define it once for all; tell just what it is that we feel to be the kernel of the word.

What about the definition given above from Plato? But this is so upsetting, you say. We always supposed that justice was something that had to do with property, with the distinction between "mine" and "thine." But Plato in his conception of justice makes such a trifling matter of property, as if "mine" and "thine" were not of very much consequence. If so, what room is there left for talking about justice and injustice? Can it be that there is anything more important in the universe than property? What are our laws for if not to protect property? What is our God there for, if He is not to help out the police? If everything pertaining to property were amicably settled, then, I suppose, there would be no need for justice or Deity. Plato's conception *sounds* antiquated.

Can it be that there is justice where only one man is concerned; and that it pertains not to acts, but to a state of mind; that a man can be unjust when he is not doing anything, or when he is letting other people's property alone? Is it thinkable that a man who would not lie nor steal and did no murder, could yet be guilty of injustice?

The right way is to place the goods of the soul first and highest in the scale; and to assign the second place to the goods of the body, and third place to money and property.—Plato.

Why doesn't the world move faster? There is the rush and turmoil, all the seething on the inside, and the roar of sound and any amount of smoke on the outside. There are the headlines of the newspapers, and the surging throng on the streets. The sum of commotion is positively terrific. A fever is burning in the veins; society sways and tosses as if in a raging sea. And yet—as for moving *ahead*, the world just seems to crawl. We push and we pull; we work so hard; we will make it move. Who or what is hanging on the wheels. We should like so much to see the outcome of all this effort, of all this fever, of all this rise and fall of the surging sea. If only we might look ahead as if we were looking behind. What we do, must count for something. And the more it means for a thousand years hence, the less it means for now. What a mighty array of social forces are coming to the surface! And now that we can see them, look at them with the naked eye, why cannot we anticipate what they are going to do? The human world is such a fascinating panorama. As for the suns and the planets, who cares about them in comparison! They can spin along in their old orbits.

But what will *man* be a hundred or a thousand years hence; what will be his orbit, or will he have any orbit at all? What will his thought be; what will be his art, his poetry, his philosophy, his justice, his God? These social forces are not on the outside; their source is back in the bottomless depths of the soul. Then, what is it all going to mean for soul by and by? Oh, if we only knew! As for our engineering schemes, they mean nothing. Man may learn to travel through the air, or harness the sea waves, or journey under the earth, or interpret the canals on the planet Mars. And yet, withal, he may go on spinning in a circle just the same. I want to know what *he* is going to become, and not so much about the tunnels he can build. How it tantalizes us, now that we can know so much, that we cannot know more! * * * If only the grand old man, Gladstone, could go back for another ninety years of life just in order to watch the panorama—and if we could all be men like Gladstone!

And yet, *it does move* this world of ours. Galileo said so, although he was not talking about quite the same world that we are thinking of. But we know it moves because of the fossils. And surely there are plenty of them in this human world at any rate. We do not have to enter the sphere of geology in order to study them. The human fossil is a curious animal. He seems to enjoy being in that state. It is a form of immortality, I suppose—the immortality of negation. You never die because you never move.

Every one of us is made pretty much what he is by the bent of his desires and the nature of his soul.—Plato.

So many people make just one start, go ahead

just a little, and then stop and never move again. Of all the burdens that afflict the world, is there anything much worse than these people who are dead a quarter or half a century before they know it themselves? A ghost with a body to it is much worse to deal with than a ghost that is all air. Can it be that it is these ghosts who are hanging on the wheels and holding it back? Can anybody suggest a remedy for sleepy people, something that will make them move or stir? You can do something with a man when he is awake, when he starts or stirs. Once get him into motion, and you may swing him into line. But these torpid souls! Can it be that they *are* souls? Of all the people that my soul hates, most of all it hates the people that will never move.

And yet, perhaps, there is a worse class—those who fuss and fume, make noise and stir, and think they are going ahead when they are just spinning around in a groove.

Will some one please define the word education. This, too, ought to be comparatively an easy matter, because education has been going on since the human race began. I do not mean a description of it, but the kernel of it—not an ism nor a scheme. We are afflicted enough in that way already. What about the definition suggested by Plato? To be sure, we found that his conception of justice was a trifle antiquated, did we not? But he may have done better with the subject of education. Suppose we look at it: *The particular training in respect of pleasure and pain, which leads you always to hate what ou ought to hate, and love what you ought to love from the beginning of life to the end, in my view will be rightly called education.* But where does arithmetic come in, or grammar? Where is there anything about how to make money? All we have here is a suggestion as to being taught what to love and what to hate. Could a man with this sort of training know how to make a living and support a family, have something with which to pay taxes, be able to read the newspapers and understand what was there when he read them? Is this the kernel of it all? It certainly appears antiquated. Surely we are much wiser nowadays, we have come to appreciate the value of arithmetic. Who would be able to get on in life if he had only been taught what to love and what to hate? Plato ought to have been sent to a Commercial School,—at least in the opinion of some people.

W. L. S.

The length'ning days, the warmer beams
Of the retiring sun,
The swelling buds and bursting streams
Tell winter's course has run.
New hopes and joys expand the heart
Wherein His love doth bide;
And every pure soul hath its part
In Earth's glad Easter-tide.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

A Fragment.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY E. P. POWELL.

Noble Jews.

Well! Well! and so the rabble ever rules! and we
Do let them put out the very sun by which we see.
All's God or devil with them; a man's their chief puzzle,
Here's this Jesus, quite beyond their comprehension;
And they beyond His—they could not stand the tension
Of His prayer, parables, and Golden Rules; the old
Sits easier on the conscience, being often overtold.

Others.

The flavor's off the lily's lip;
The grapes shrivel at the tip
Of yonder vine. On the priest's wall
The roses grow pale and fall.
The primrose opens half its eye,
Then loses heart and 'gins to die.
They say the graves do gappen wide;
The tombs crack down their side,
To swallow life—let out the dead,
Again the streets and mart to tread.

Others.

The sun shineth, but it shineth not;
There is no gold i' any spot;
But pale, half darkness on the steep;
Cold o'er the earth sad shadows creep.
There's a shroudlike hang to the sail
Of the boats, where the winds do fail.

At noon the nighthawks fly and call,
And the lizards creep upon the wall.
Hath time forgotten hours, till days
And nights are mixed in lost amaze?

I know not! only this I know,
That I know not; and life's puzzles grow.
I would I might weep—but tears are dry;
Nor know I that I e'en may die.

Jesus Reappears.

The first red touch of dawn fingers the ink of night;
Across the lake trawl fishermen; the flashing light
Of torches kindle flames on waves that lazily leap;
And from the drowsy prow, both ways dividing, creep.
Upon the shore a fire illumes the glittering sands,
And makes the darkness denser where the Master stands.

All night their nets were dragged, but nothing yet they bring;
Weird the naked toilers, as slow once more they fling.

"Cast out! cast out to right!" a voice comes off the shore;
"Let down the nets, good friends, in cheery faith once more;"

The startled men obey; and whisper, as they draw
With many a hurried glance—the Master's name with awe.
Then scarce can draw the fishers, the overloaded net;
But scarce is drawn, ere Peter round his shoulders wet,
Girds coat; and, leaping in, swift swims he to the land;—
And there beside his Jesus he treads the morning sand.
The crimson-fingered dawn a robe of golden light
Throws round the twain—the earth holds not a fairer sight.
The Master's hand touched soft the brave disciple's head,
And, "Dost thou love Me, Simon?" in loving accents said.
"Yea, Jesus! thou knowest that I love Thee, true and well."
"Then feed My lambs, and to the world My words go tell.
But dost thou love Me, Peter?" "Why ask me thus again;
Thou knowest that my love surpasses that of men."
Then closer drew He to His heart that tawny head,
"Than all things else thou lovest?" still questioning He said.
The fiery spirit flashed, "Thou knowest, Master, all!
I love Thee so, my Jesus, that greater love or small
No other love can be." "E'en so I ever thought;
But by my questions, Peter, thy inmost soul I sought.
Now do I charge thee, if thou love Me, feed My sheep.
I leave to thee the flock, do thou the guardon keep."

Upon the coals the fishes broil; along the eastern sky
The fire of growing day, with flame of crimson flashed high.

To reach an author with fairness, we should follow dates. Thought fits its time, and to be read aright, the time must be studied also. And a thought born much in advance of the general thought of the time, like every premature birth, must suffer a little from strangulation, and also endanger the one who has borne it.

FRANCES B. DUNNING.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Nature's Voice.

The world about us is not dumb,
In loving tones it speaks to men,
"O come," it says, "my children, come,
And all my ways with wisdom ken;
Look well to see the shadows lift,
Look well to see the clouds go by,
Behind the dark there's golden gift,
And rainbows span the storm-swept sky!

So after winter days so drear,
(Yet beauty-blest and holding good)
I bring the time when flowers appear
And birds are singing in the wood;
They learn of me a language sweet,
And happy faces to me turn;
In these good things your hearts I greet,
Ah! do they not with gladness burn?

Then take no thought of how you live,
Be like the birds in trust of heaven;
Your gift of grace in joy receive,
And trust the One by whom 'tis given;
And as you follow through the night,
In dreamland ways my thought of rest,
Yet see in peace the morning light,—
So through dark death I'll make you blest!"

—William Brunton.

In Re Vedanta.

It is claimed in some quarters that interest in the philosophy of the Brahmins is widely increasing in this country. Occasionally, orthodox church papers become almost panic-stricken, and declaim vigorously against the Indophiles, but really very few of these journalistic authorities have anything to go upon except their own fears. No statistics are published to show how far the influence of the recently imported Oriental thought has extended, or how many Christian souls have been led into Buddhism or Hinduism. The truth of the matter probably is, that out of the thousands of people whose curiosity has induced them to investigate the Oriental religions, few, if any, have actually discarded Christianity in favor of one of these. Doubtless their roseate views regarding Christianity have been modified by the comparison, and their old supercilious contempt for the "heathens" and the "pagans" has been converted into a feeling of respect; but beyond this point few have traveled.

An interesting paragraph recently floated around to the effect that Swami Vivekananda had gone back to India infatuated with the idea that America is more inclined to accept Vedantism than India is to accept Christianity. The writer was evidently a little mixed in his terms. By Vedantism he probably meant the Vedanta philosophy which is accepted by some Brahmins, while others are equally committed to the Sankhya. It is one of the great features of Hinduism (or, as it is sometimes called, Brahminism) that its followers can adopt almost any sort of philosophy, so long as they recognize the authority of the Vedas. Hence, the Adwaita (non-dualistic) Vedantists, while strictly orthodox, are few in number and intensely sectarian; and the Swami, in taking some pupils in America and in encouraging them to form Adwaita societies, performed an unprecedented act, and one which can certainly never be recognized by his non-proselyting priestly brethren, who regard all foreigners, and Occidentals in particular, as barbarians.

It goes without saying that the Vedanta is a wonderful philosophy. It is the result of the meditations of Hindu sages through cycles beginning long previous to the historic era, and in it are found the loftiest spiritual concepts that the human mind has ever reached, in comparison with which Christianity is but as the language of babes. Prof. Max Müller, in his recent lectures on the Vedanta delivered before the Royal Institution, not only quotes the familiar saying of Schopenhauer, "In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads," but adds, "If these words required any endorsement, I should willingly give it as the result of my own experience during a long life devoted to the study of many philosophies and many religions."

It is owing chiefly to the lofty spiritual plane of the Vedanta that it can never, at least in our day, achieve any degree of popularity in America. It is not for the masses, nor even for the cultivated few, who live only for temporal gain and a fleeting reputation. Only the solitary ascetic who has given up every earthly aspiration can know the Brahman of the Vedanta. In a land whose people, even those who think themselves cultured, measure everybody according to their money value, whose boasted knowledge is limited to the empirical and the conventional, and who never even pretend to live up to the religion which they profess, there can be only a passing *dilettante* interest in the Vedanta. A few scholars here and there like Max Müller may dare to acknowledge its wisdom, but to the masses, the ignorant rich as well as the pitiful poor, it must remain practically a closed book. Hence, the over-anxious editors of the orthodox press may allay their fears of its obtaining a foothold in this country.

G. E. W.

Two Lectures on Japan.

"Japan Revisited" was the subject of Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's lecture at the home of Mrs. Coonley Ward, March 15th.

Mrs. Todd was the only woman member of the famous Amherst expedition that set out about a year ago. She, indeed, was a valuable adjunct to the party, being not only the wife of a professor of astronomy, but also the daughter of one, and thus having grown up in an astronomical atmosphere. Mrs. Todd is also favorably known through a little volume of sonnets and her edition of Emily Dickinson's poems. Her lecture was one well calculated to give even the little traveled a most interesting and clear insight into the customs and manners of the people of Japan, as well as to give one a vivid picture of the country itself, and of the peculiar atmosphere about it that makes it to most tourists a charmed land.

The interesting things Mrs. Todd told her hearers of the customs peculiar to Japan were innumerable, but perhaps the most unique experiences, as most rarely tasted by the usual tourist, were the visits to the Peereses School, the ceremonial tea given in honor of the party, and the cormorant fishing, which is best carried on on a clear, moonless night. One of the most accomplished teachers in the Peereses School is a charming young Japanese woman, who speaks idiomatic English fluently, and, as Mrs. Todd said, without the shadow of an accent. She was, indeed, educated in America, and well known

to the speaker during her girlhood days in Washington. One of the most interesting facts developed by this visit to the school for peereses was the long course of careful instruction given to Japanese girls in the arrangement of flowers. In answer to Mrs. Coonley Ward's question as to whether flowers were ever arranged as in our land, two dozen in a cluster, the speaker smilingly replied in the negative, stating that a nosegay of several only was the custom, and that such gaudy results as we secure by the mixing of all sorts of flowers would be abhorred in Japan, where only the blooms common to the same season are put together. The speaker related the experience of a friend of hers who secured for a paltry $5 an exquisitely-carved Japanese ornament which would otherwise have cost $75, simply because the maker of it, in a moment of forgetfulness, had in the same ornament represented flowers blooming in entirely different seasons, which slight blunder made the curio valueless to a Japanese man or woman. It seems a very odd thing to us, too, to learn that not only is writing most exquisitely done, but that it is looked upon as a fine art, the most beautiful and dainty painting by the famed ranking value below caligraphy of a superior type. And the greatest pains is taken with the young to teach them to write beautifully, a half-hour's instruction on a single character being thought time well spent, with the knowledge that it is only a beginning in the art.

The ceremonial tea was described as a most solemn affair and yet, in all, an experience the speaker would not willingly have foregone. The company are seated in a circle upon the floor in the order of their rank; then beautiful young Japanese girls (and we were told we could form no idea of the attractiveness of these young creatures from those of their class seen on this side of the water), who must have had years of training in their work, most gracefully serve the tea in the daintiest and most valuable china, all of which has an additional worth as being heirlooms which have been collecting for generations. The guest who receives the cup must consume its contents in exactly three and one-half sips, the last one taken with a hissing sound, supposed to witness to the perfect satisfaction of the imbiber as to its delicate quality and flavor. The hiss is a necessary mark of courteous approval to the host and hostess. Accompanying the tea is a sweetmeat and a napkin, which it is good form for the guest to carry home with him if he so choose; and in the case in question, the guests without any care on their own behalf were laden with dainties which, unknown to them, were stowed away in their jinrikishas.

On another occasion they were treated to a twenty-seven course dinner, the last course consisting of that truly American dainty, ice cream; and a part of the first one being an amber-colored jelly, in which, as a pretty testimonial, were implanted tiny Japanese and American flags. At this elaborate meal each guest was attended by a dainty little maid who served on her knees, each individual being seated at a separate little table. Between courses, drama of the ancient classical type was performed by old men, gray-haired in the service, as this classical style of dramatic representation is fast passing away, and in a few more years, possibly, cannot be witnessed anywhere. A child who appeared on the stage as a veritable little monkey, was one of the main actors, and brought the tears to all eyes when it appeared that he was to be killed merely to satisfy the caprice of a wealthy nobleman. This gentleman, however, owing to the pathetic pleadings of the poor man who had owned the little pet, finally relented, and the closing act was a farcical and uproarious display of agility on the part of both nobleman and monkey.

The cormorant fishing was carried on at midnight on a moonless evening, each fisherman holding in one hand a dozen cords, to each of which was attached a huge cormorant. The cormorants fly when a fish is seen and seize it skillfully in their mouths, but cannot swallow it, since about their necks are fastened rings which prevent them from gorging the large fish. The smaller ones they are welcome to. This mode of fishing is productive of rich results, and is very exciting, the marvel to an observer being how, with one hand, a fisher can control these twelve birds, and so skillfully draw them in at will without any confusion or entangling of the numerous cords.

Mrs. Todd's second lecture, "In Ainu Land with an Eclipse Expedition," was given March 21st, at the residence of Mrs. Franklin Head.

The Ainus—sometimes called Ainos, though not by their own preference—are the aborigines of Japan, corresponding to the Indians in this country, though Mrs. Todd thinks them even more hopeless subjects for civilization than our American Indians. Many people who had visited Japan many times, we were told, had never been fortunate enough to see an Ainu, especially those that dwell in the northern part of the island, which is almost impassable, there being no railroads, or even carriage roads, so that one travels with difficulty often even on horseback, a party necessarily journeying in single file. Mrs. Todd was, indeed, the first woman to penetrate this region, and was looked upon, as she herself merrily related, by a gray-haired Ainu as an unimagined and unheard-of curiosity. She thought she must have seemed to him as much of a freak as he and his countrymen and countrywomen seemed to her.

The Ainus are a very simple-minded and ignorant people, having absolutely no literature of their own, and being good for little but to act as faithful servants, excepting in the bear-killing season, when their rage for the hunt and getting drunk thereafter seems to absorb all other interests. So far, the Japanese seem to have found it impossible to educate them, and the Ainus are gradually dying out, so that a few more decades will probably find them an extinct race. The men are very hairy, having not only hirsute bodies, but wearing a thick shock of dark hair on their heads and heavy beards reaching to the waist. The women, who are thought by their masculine confreres to have no souls, seem to find special delight in tattooing their faces so as to appear bearded. Consequently, they make deep incisions on the upper lip, with cross hatchings, and then rub in a dark coloring matter which is indelible. The more honors their husbands have won, the more generous is the tattooing on the wives' faces. The process is a most painful one, but the Ainu women could not be induced to forego it, on account of its significance among their race.

These people dwell in houses without windows,

the only light coming from without through the door and from the firelight, the fire burning in the center of the room, without any chimney or flue for the proper escape of the smoke. The result can be imagined, and in these dwellings, where the soot drapes the ceilings several inches thick, the women make their coarse garments of elm fiber, while the men lie about idly upon the floor. But while the Ainu wives and daughters perform all of the work, they at least have one way of keeping their lords in awe of them—for they have tongues, and they do not hesitate on occasion to use them. They are adepts in no sort of work, though they have one accomplishment of a rude sort—it is the art of wood-carving. There has been up to this time in the United States no collection of Ainu curiosities excepting that at Washington, D. C.; but Mrs. Todd was enabled, by the use of money, tact, energy, and enterprise combined, to gather together the nucleus of what will constitute a very fine collection for the Peabody Museum at Salem, Mass. This collection consists of the clothing, knives, shields, etc., used by the Ainus.

The entire lecture, which from start to finish was intensely interesting, was particularly absorbing as being on a topic never before touched upon before a Chicago audience, and it would be difficult to find a speaker who could give one in so delightful a style, rich, racy, colloquial, humorous, so perfect a picture of this land and its unique inhabitants. On her return from Indianapolis, where Mrs. Todd has gone to lecture and to be the guest of May Wright Sewall, she will give her final address here on "The Total Solar Eclipse of 1896," at the home of Mrs. Charles Henrotin, 319 Superior street. The part of the Island of Yezo, selected by the Amherst Eclipse Expedition for the vantage ground for viewing the eclipse, was in the extreme northern part of the island in its most inaccessible portion, and chosen because of its freedom from fogs. A total eclipse is said to be one of the most beautiful and sublime spectacles.

B. L. GORTON.

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said:

"How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell the foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—*Miss Mulock.*

The man whose head is in the clouds will often be found standing with his feet on a brother's neck.

"Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct."

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Great Hopes for Great Souls.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

For an helmet, the hope of salvation.—*Paul.*

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.—*Carlyle.*

Every gift of noble origin is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath.—*Wordsworth.*

The human soul is a splendid hoper. It does a large business in the expectation line, so let us begin by doing some hoping. Let us do it large. Let us hope for the best and biggest things we can. We hope the time is coming when man shall be released from pinching poverty, when disease and pestilence shall be left behind, when blind eyes, crippled legs, paralyzed arms, weak lungs, and inflamed stomachs shall be outgrown. We hope that intelligence is to become universal, that hearts may some time be better fed, that there is a time coming when there will be less famine of the affections, and that the day is near when the love-making before marriage shall be matched by the love-making of married life. We will hope that children are to be welcomed into sunnier heart-climates, and that the rugged road over which their little feet must pass may be smoothed by tenderer sympathy and guarded by purer love. We will hope that party rivalries, the intrigues of politics, the antagonisms of race, and the intolerance of sects are to cease. We will hope the time is coming when might may be poured into the channels of right, and duty become the acknowledged divine commission of every life, so that every young man and woman shall respond to the call in Emerson's lines:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

We hope the time is coming when religion shall become a great search for realities, a sublime following of the ideal, a great inflowing of that peace which comes from harmony with the laws of the universe, and that churches may yet become training-schools of character, instead of being the guardians of dogmas. We hope the time is at hand when ministers may learn to forget their differences, and work together for the great things they all believe in, truth-seeking, right-doing, and helping love; when they may make the story of all heroes sacred, and the true words of all bibles holy.

Lastly, we will hope there is a sunrise to every sunset of the soul, that the death-glory of the mortal is the birth-glory of the immortal. Yes, we will hope that the soul burdened by sin, hampered by inheritance, vexed by temptations here, may have another chance there. We will hope the incompleteness and the seeming injustice that rim so many faithful souls in this life may be balanced by a justice and a freer growth in the next. We will hope that sundered ties are to be united, that all tears are to be followed by smiles, that the deathless soul is to climb through the endless chambers of a boundless universe. We will hope that on these rising

galleries of the immortal life there may shine the sunlight of God's love, that will melt away the thickest incrustations of sin, and woo the soul in the deepest hell to climb towards the highest heaven.

This is, perhaps, hoping enough for one sermon, yet I have not begun to frame in words the hopes that haunt the humblest heart. A little child mingles with its breakfast-cakes more hoping than a century can realize.

Now you say, "Prove to me that these hopes are to be realized, and I shall be ready to toil and sacrifice and endure in the face of all difficulties and all discouragements." Ah! these things are too big and too good and too true to be "proved." The mind is too small to comprehend a demonstration of Infinity, the soul is not large enough to survey eternity, but there are so many suggestive hints,—"intimations" is Wordsworth's word,—that it would be almost as easy for me to say in all this, "I believe," as to say, "I hope."

I believe these hopes are justified by the experience of the past. Humanity has done so well already, the cottage of the laborer to-day is so much more sumptuous than the tent of his forefathers, the school-children know so many things that Sir Isaac Newton did not know, homes are so much more gentle than they used to be, woman's heart is regarded with so much more sacredness than in times past, faithful service and patient loyalty, still too often sadly unappreciated, are so much oftener recognized than of old, the rack and the stake are already left so far behind as means of grace, and mind has so often triumphed over matter, that I think we have a right to expect great things for the future. The cottager may yet realize the mansion he longs for, and the hopeless wife of the thoughtless husband may anticipate better things for her daughter. The churches will eventually get through their miserable business of heresy-hunting, and give up trying to measure the kingdom of God with their little theological tape-lines, and the mind that has used the body religiously may reach the point where it can do without that body and be the better off. I repeat, past experience warrants these great expectations.

Again, I believe these hopes are justified by present resources. Of one thing we may be very sure —we have not yet got to the end of things. We still have uninvested capital. Humanity is not bankrupt. The man that is discouraged about the human race has not taken account of stock recently. Theodore Parker once wrote a paper called, "A Bumble-bee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of the Universe." It was a speech made by the president of a convention of scientific bumble-bees, held in Bumbloonia, among the Jura mountains, in the year 1,000,617 B. C. That scientific bumble-bee proved to his own satisfaction that the bumble-bee was "the purpose of the universe," and that "no order of being can ever come superior to us." Now, the mistake of this theological bumble-bee was not that he rated the bumble-bee too high, considering the date at which the speech was made, but that he rated the universe too low. He underestimated the fertility of Nature.

Friends, let us beware how we discount the future with our bumble-bee logic. Columbus, hunting for an India, found America; the astronomer, groping for a satellite, stumbles upon a planet; Jesus, seeking the "lost sheep of Israel," has well nigh circled the globe.

Let death come when it will, friends; there is too much left to be wasted. The universe cannot afford to lose that which has been so carefully elaborated. I believe that God has meant a cathedral upon this great foundation. I believe these great hopes come, not from great arguments, but from great souls. They are things of vision, and not of logic. "Immortality itself takes base form for the savage," says Emerson. Only great souls can have great hopes. If you fear that starvation and poverty is the future lot of men, take a course of study in physical geography. If you think human life is growing weaker and shorter, ask your physician what he knows about it. If you believe the world is growing worse all the time, read Lecky's "History of European Morals," and see how much meaner men used to be than they dare be now. Do you think people are growing less religious? Study and see how even the "saints" used to behave themselves. Acquaint yourself with the past, and the present life of the race becomes beautiful and promising. Are there no stars glimmering through the darkness of death to you? Then go to work! Make a little more of the life that now is, sink deeper wells into your own heart, build new domes of thought in your own mind, and presently it will appear that the eternal life which you have failed to find has found you. Do not waste the time in hunting evidences of the immortal life which you ought to use in making yourself worthy of it. It is your business to deserve it rather than to prove it. No great hope ever shone into a selfish heart. Enlarging hopes come only to enlarging souls. The man who knows most about electricity is the man who has the strongest belief in its power to revolutionize the industries of the world. Do you believe that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian?" Ask the lamented Helen Hunt Jackson, whose life burned into a white heat of enthusiasm for this hated race, and whose last years were mellowed by a sympathy for them which grew out of knowledge. Do you talk about the stupidity of children? Ask the kindergartner, whose life is radiant with enthusiasm over the teachableness of even the stupid ones. Do you believe in the hopelessness of labor? Visit the Manual Training School. Are you infidel enough to talk about or believe in "hopeless classes," "fallen women," and "brutal men," as fixed factors in human life? Follow Charles Dickens through the slums of London, and find a "Nancy" to every "Bill Sykes." Read Miss Murfree's stories of the poor whites of eastern Tennessee. "Trash" is the word stupidly applied to them by those who know them not, but to a Miss Murfree, with a soul enlarged by intimate acquaintance, their life is adorned with tenderest grace, and at times illuminated with highest chivalry. There, as in your so-called refined society of city circles, girls die of broken hearts without making a sign, men's lives are ennobled by women's smiles, and little graves sanctify rugged hearts. Enlarge your lives, then, if you would enlarge your hopes. There is something very mean in a selfish man's anxiety for heaven. Let me do the best I can and the all I can towards the beautifying of the race to which I belong, and then, if need be, sleep the eternal sleep on the bosom of

Mother Nature rather than live with an ignoble contempt of this world, a selfish disregard for the duties and sufferings of this life, and the selfish expectation of endless bliss in an unmerited heaven, with gates closed against any soul to whom I am related, and in whose sinfulness I have been partaker. For we are, each of us, our brother's keeper. Yes, a thousand times nobler is the spirit of the hymn that sings:

> "O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,"

than the self-centered wail,

> "I want to be an angel
> And with the angels stand,
> A crown upon my forehead,
> A harp within my hand."

You cannot put a great hope into a small soul. The baby will take a gold watch, an ivory ring, or a picture of the Madonna, and put them all into his mouth, if he can. And the baby soul has no better use for the thought of God and the eternal life than to try to cut his theological teeth upon them. Emerson, in his great essay on "Immortality," tells of the child who, in trying to realize the endless life, said, "It makes me feel so tired."

Great hopes are for great souls. The only way to know the former is to strive for the latter. And this is good Bible doctrine. "Enlarge the place of thy tent. Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," says the old prophet. "God is revealed to the pure in heart," and "He that doeth the deed shall know the doctrine," said Jesus. "The hope of the unjust man perisheth,' says the book of Proverbs. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish," said the author of Job.

"For an helmet, the hope of salvation," is Paul's phrase. Let us look a little more closely at the nature of this helmet. Artists have been in the habit of painting the goddess of Hope as a sort of dreamy, far-off, up-in-the-air kind of beauty. If she has hands at all, they are listless; and if she were to walk, she would be in danger of stubbing her toes. Now, I recognize this element of distance in hope. The beauty of the horizon line does enter into the hopeful vision. The eye does catch the glimmer of far-off glories, but this hope of Paul that prepares us for life's battles is a much more practical, domestic, and every-day maiden than the artist's creation which I have described. She has her eyes fixed upon things near, as well as things afar. There is a great difference between the hope that is inspiration and that day-dreaming, rock-me-to-sleep-in-a-hammock kind of spiritual indolence which is often mistaken for hopefulness. Wordsworth thus recognizes the distinction between hope and mere wishing:

> "Hope rules a land forever green:
> All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
> Are confident and gay:
> Clouds at her bidding disappear.
> Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
> And Fancy smooths the way.
>
> Not such the land of Wishes—there
> Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
> And thoughts with things at strife."

The early telegraph builders thought electricity was very shy of the earth, and so they elevated two wires to control each current. After a while they found the earth would answer for one wire, and now they have about concluded that the earth is the best place for the other one, and it is only a question of time when all the telegraph wires will be under ground. Here is a lesson for the spiritual life. Let us lay our sympathetic wires under ground, that our daily inspirations may flow in magnetic currents through the soil under our feet. Then heavenly joys will throb in common duties, great hopes will go tiding through our daily toil, and the eternal life will flow into the heart and strengthen the hand that sows the wheat and makes the bread. Then, men will do business "for the glory of God," and buy and sell in the interest of heaven, and "holiness to the Lord will be upon the bells of the horses, and the pots in the house shall be like the bowls before the altar." Do not shudder at all this. It is no rude disenchantment. Hope is more a goddess than ever. Poetry and prophecy are still about her. Long visions come from these near studies. The shallow stream reflects the stars. The warmth of the sun is in the daisy's petal. Hope sees infinite possibilities most clearly in humblest realities. It teaches the soul to

> "Honor each thing for what it once may be;
> In bud the rose, in egg the chicken see;
> Bright butterfly behold in ugly worm,
> And trust that man enfolds an angel form."

It will find largest joys springing out of homeliest duties:

> "In the eye of a gnat an elephant lies,
> From a kernel of corn broad harvests arise;
> The Euphrates is seen in a dew-drop alone,
> And one heart doth the heart of Omnipotence throne."

Oh, friends, how can I say it so that you may all see it? Nay, so that you may all feel it? Great hopes are possible only when the finite opens its life to the infinite. Only as man climbs the mount of attainment does he discern the vision. He knows God in proportion as he himself is God-like. Deathless is man so far as he is love. Immortal is the soul so far as it is true. Indissoluble are the bands that unite heart to heart, so long as they throb with helpfulness.

Do you ask for something more definite than this concerning the future? What, and where and how is it all to be? I do not know. I dare not venture to guess. I am warned by the experience of the past not to try to forecast the future. I am sure it will be something loftier than my fondest fancies, nobler than my noblest dreams. Pour into the future your ultimate wants, project into it your deepest hunger, people it with your heart's fondest creations, and then, in the name of the past experience of the race, in the name of the unmeasured possibilities about and within us, Hope will say, "No, it is not this; it is something very, very different from all this, because it will be something immensely better," for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love Him."

Early one Sunday morning, just as the sun was rising out of the depths of ocean, the throb of the great engine in the heart of a noble steamer ceased, the tireless moaning of the machinery was silent, and the great ship rolled passively in mid-sea. A thousand passengers were wakened out of their quiet sleep by the unexpected calm, the surprise of the stillness. Were the fires out? Was the machin-

ery broken or the wheel disabled? No. It was but the giving of the body of a little child of one of the steerage passengers to the waves. It was a Sunday morning burial of a wee babe at sea. The mother was a poor, sick Irish emigrant, who was carrying her first-born child, the delight and joy of the steerage for the first days of the voyage, to the father and husband, who had preceded them to the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. I had seen something of the mother before, and saw much of her after this solemn burial at sea. I saw how she struggled with her grief and wrestled with her loneliness. As we were entering the harbor at New York, I went down to that dingy hold for a last word and a good-bye. The flood-gates had at last given way, and a great heart relieved itself in mighty sobs and bitter streams of tears. When the storm subsided, she said, "Indade, indade, Mister, it be not for the darlin' baby that I bees a-crying, for I think it must be well with him, for he was so sweet and innocent-like, but it bees for poor Patsy, who will be sorely disappointed when I comes to him without his baby." Better than all the arguments that could be given was this divine self-forgetfulness springing out of that blessed heart in its Mary-anguish, as evidence of the eternal life. This is immortality. This is "life with God," and it must live as long as God lives. Better than all materialization was this transcendent triumph over matter which made itself manifest in that emigrant heart. Here was a great hope springing out of a great soul. I say "great soul" because, spite of the simplicity of her life, the meagerness of her lettered lore, there was in that heart a greatness akin to Calvary, that which might well challenge all the loving inspirations that artists have ever put into the face of the Madonna. This is deserving immortality, partaking of immortality, God in us, we in God, forever and forever more.

Away then with our petty "arguments." Hush our childish clamor for "proofs." Waste no time in waiting for "revelations." If we would be immortal, let the infinite life tide through our finite life. Let us be the truth and love that is now and ever shall be, to doubt which is to believe in chaos, to be deaf to all melody, blind to all beauty, and opposed to all law. It is to deny all science and to honor no truth. He who would be immortal must deserve immorality by living now as though he were embosomed in eternity, already clothed upon with deathlessness.

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

Saturday Evening Talks by the Pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, Reported by E. H. W.

XVI. China.—Its Literature and Religions.

In addition to any intrinsic value which the subject may possess, there is a strategic value to the cause of universal brotherhood in the study of China and its religions; for if you can be persuaded that China has a tradition that is rich, a literature that is creditable, and sages worthy of note, you will easily believe that the same thing is true of any country and of the least promising race. For, certainly in popular estimate and interest, China brings up the rear in the procession of nations. To our children the Chinaman is the "washee-washee man." To the politician the American Chinaman represents cheap labor, a capacity to live on rats and rice, and a weakness for opium, and suggests the dirty quarters which he occupies in Chinatown. The United States government has considered itself justified in legally prohibiting Chinese immigration, a thing which it has never undertaken to do in the case of any other nation on the globe.

But what do the scholars say about China? In the first place, they have thought it worth while to put a great deal of study on its literature. One of the standard books on China, though published some years ago, is Williams' "Middle Kingdom," consisting of two splendid volumes. Its author was professor of Chinese literature many years in Yale. Prof. R. K. Douglas, curator of the Chinese department of the British museum, has given the best years of his life to this study. James Legge, who went from London as a Chinese missionary, spent thirty years in the study of the language and literature of China, has given us many books as a result of his work, among them being the first and fullest translation of the Chinese Bible. It is plain, then, that whatever you and I may think, there are scholars who think it worth their while to study this subject exhaustively.

The Chinese records go back to about 2,500 years B. C., and therefore extend, in round numbers, over a period of about 4,500 years. Their literature is very abundant. The greatest cyclopædia in the world is the Chinese, on account of its voluminous details. They are a people who have at least a few great heroes. Our Sunday-School children know at least three of their lawgivers, Lao-tse, Confucius, and Mencius.

Lao-tse and Confucius were contemporaries, although Lao-tse was perhaps fifty years older than Confucius. But he lived to a good old age, so that Confucius was able to make a pilgrimage to sit at his feet and learn the wisdom that fell from his aged lips. Lao-tse was undoubtedly the greatest of the three. He was a grim kind of Carlyle, a pessimistic Emerson, who retired into himself and gave rise to a multitude of profound sayings. Confucius was an ancient Ben Franklin, unimaginative and prosaic, but possessed of a large endowment of common sense. More than a hundred and fifty years after his death there arose a scholar who gave his life to collating and interpreting the works of Confucius. Lao-tse was the mystic dreamer, Confucius the practical man of affairs, Mencius the interpreter. Confucius never considered himself anything but a compiler. In his later life he codified and commented upon a large body of early Chinese writings. A later generation cared much about the text, but far more about the comment. They became confused, and it is now impossible to tell them apart.

Confucianism is the basis of the political system of China. If Zoroaster was the prophet of agriculture, Confucius may be called the prophet of politics. When asked if there was one word which might serve as a guide for all life, he replied, Reciprocity—a word for the twentieth century. It is still an ideal which the nineteenth has not reached. And it requires considerable ingenuity to find the difference in spirit between the Golden Rule of Jesus and that of Confucius, five centuries earlier.

The Study Table.

The Rev. John Freeman.

One, in the long gone, vanished years,
Brought tidings of a Father's love;
And trembling hearts forsook their fears,
Full-joyed to know the Friend above.

With zeal-clad feet, the fair hills o'er
He hasted swift, love's words to tell;
Showed, broad ajar, kind heaven's door,
And shut the fear-wide gates of hell.

God's inmost wish to know he'd sought,
At many altars bent the knee.
By one wide shrine he found this thought—
God, Father is; His children, we.

Now, low within the moraine's drift,
The Pastor sleeps, of long ago;
The watchful hills above him lift
Their warden heights in green or snow.

The kneeling grass, in summer's time
Low bended down, with dew bewet,
Unveils the marble's gracious lines,
"Being dead, he speaketh yet."

CLEMENT FREEMAN.

Mr. Bodley's France.*

Mr. Bodley's book is an important and interesting study of the French Republic as a working institution. As such it bears a certain resemblance to Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," but for solidity and finality it does not approximate to that. Yet it is not because Mr. Bodley has written hastily or without due observation of those things of which he writes. Indeed, his residence in France has been much more prolonged than was Mr. Bryce's in America. We learn from his introduction, which gives an elaborate account of the studies which prepared him for writing, that he was for seven years a traveler and resident in France, taking good care not to be unduly impressed either by Paris or the provinces. To his observation he has added a literary knowledge of the Revolution and the subsequent phases of French politics that leaves nothing to be desired. Moreover, his interest in political discussion and comparison is remarkable and contagious, nor does his intelligence lag an inch behind. His discussion is enlivened with personal anecdotes and reminiscences that are as instructive as they are engaging to our interest. The arrangement of his matter, too, is excellent.

With so many excellent qualities the book has some defects; one of them in point of style. This is generally good, at least negatively so, but in the course of the book there are many sentences which are constructed so badly that thay have a dizzying effect upon the mind. There are more of these because of Mr. Bodley's rhetorical disinclination to call a spade a spade. He enjoys an allusive manner so much that instead of naming this or that person or event outright, he invents a riddle which, even when most easily guessed, hence conveying something of Jack Horner's satisfaction, disturbs the current of the exposition with an alien circumstance. A more important and pervasive defect of Mr. Bodley's book is its imperfect sympathy. He would probably say that this is the result of his studies. But our impression is that it preceded them and did much to determine their results. It is not that he has the habitual English dullness for the appreciation of anything French which has so ill-repaid the French appreciation of the English constitution, to say nothing of the prevailing Parisian Anglomania. It is true that we get a very different impression of France from that derived from Mr. Hamerton's "French and English," but this is because Mr. Bodley's emphasis is strongly upon the political side and Mr. Hamerton's on the social. To French character in general Mr. Bodley is quite as favorable as Mr. Hamerton. An anthology of very generous tributes to that character might be selected from his volumes. He has not by any means fallen into the pit of which Burke gave the classic warning and framed "an indictment against a whole people." And it may well be that Mr. Bodley's studies, however unbiased, would have brought him to his present judgment of the Revolution of '89-'93, and the republic as now constituted and operative. We are not disposed to question the general outcome of his observations, especially in the light of the recent Dreyfus business. But that his studies have not been unbiased we are as sure as possible. They have been biased by his reading of Taine's "Origins of Contemporary France," and by his personal acquaintance with and admiration for that brilliant pessimist. He swallows whole Taine's estimate of the revolution, but not quite whole his estimate of Napoleon, for whose conversion of chaos into the order of a centralized administration Mr. Bodley has much admiration. It would be interesting to have the criticism of Mr. John Morley on Mr. Bodley's wholesale depreciation, after Taine, of the great Revolution. There is one tremendous hitch in it. If all the follies since the Revolution are traceable to the Revolution, why should not the follies of the Revolution be traceable to the Old Régime? Mr. Bodley, following Taine, is very hard upon the leaders of the Revolution. But they were men made by the Old Régime. Robespierre, for example, was a belated grand inquisitor. Mr. Bodley relieves the Revolution from all responsibility for him in another way. He was, he thinks, a martyr of the reaction, and was plotting to bring in the Orleanists when, so to speak, he lost his head.

Nowhere else does Mr. Bodley's book reflect the pessimism of Taine so vividly as in his first book, "The Revolution and Modern France." Its several chapters correspond respectively to the terms of the Revolution's glorious trinity,—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Under the head of "Liberty," there is much animadversion on the anti-clerical treatment of the clerical party. It has been most unlovely, but more allowance should be made than Mr. Bodley makes for the clerical opposition to the Republic under the McMahon presidency. Under the head of "Equality" too much is made of the foolish perpetuation of empty titles of nobility, an inheritance, through Napoleon, from the Old Régime. In Book II we come to "The Constitution and the Chief of the State;" in Book III, to "The Parliamentary System," and in Book IV, to "The Political Parties." The main contention is that France is politically in "a strait betwixt two," the republican tradition on the one hand and on the other the Napoleonic centralization which has persisted through all the changes that have taken place since 1815.

*FRANCE.—By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Two volumes. Cloth, crown 8vo. $4.00. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The defects arising from this contradiction are clearly brought out. Another trouble is the popular demand for personal ascendency, another Napoleonic survival, together with the jealous fear of such ascendency on the part of the legislative body. "A man on horseback" is the bogy which is its chronic terror; since Boulanger more than ever. Its present alliance with the army must, it would seem, only increase its fears, and certainly it suggests a tendency to that condition which prevailed during the decadence of the Roman Empire, when the army supplied the imperial throne with one favorite after another. Fortunately, the socialists are not critics of the Republic from the standpoint of militarism.

Still another difficulty under which the Republic labors is its admiration for the British Constitution, together with its imperfect appropriation of its principles. For the British Constitution is not something, as Mr. Bodley says, which can be "carried about and worshipped," as if it were the Holy Eucharist. It grew upon English soil and it cannot be transplanted. But what is further true of it in France, is that, like Christianity, "it has never been tried." The approximations of the Restoration and the Monarchy of Louis Philippe were not close, and that of the third Republic is even more remote. Not so much that it is a republic and has no king, but that it has no ministerial responsibility, the characteristic which is central to the British system. Considering the instability of the French political mind, it does not seem that ministerial responsibility would have worked well. More than thirty general elections since 1870 would have been a fearful dispensation. Mr. Bodley is probably right in his idea that the French would have done better to take the government of the United States for their model and follow it consistently. Their government by bureaux bears a closer resemblance to our government by committees than their ministry bears to the English cabinet. Whether our cabinet would be more useful if, like the French, it were made subject to legislative interpellation, is a very doubtful matter.

We sincerely trust that the outlook for the French Republic is more encouraging than Mr. Bodley has represented it. A war with England over the African complication would probably mean another revolution, whatever the result. Victory for the French would probably involve a new military imperialism; and defeat, the almost certain event, a period of anarchy. In the mean time, it is consoling to remember that the present republic has already lasted ten years longer than either the Second Empire or the Monarchy of Louis Philippe, which were both longer lived than any of the previous governments after '89. Mr. Bodley is of the opinion that if the Republic could last fifty years (till 1920) it would have the promise and the potency of indefinite continuance. But many conditions enter into the problem, and Mr. Bodley's discussion of them, if not always perfectly convincing, is always significant, and those who crave an intelligent appreciation of the French political system must certainly attend to him, though not to him alone.

J. W. C.

He gives His angels charge of those who sleep,
But He Himself watches with those who wake.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.— How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold.

MON.— Where herbs look up and opening flowers are seen,
Why to God's goodness cannot *we* be true?

TUES.— Life with yon lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.

WED.— The grandeur of the forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

THURS.— With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep strength of joy,
We see into the life of things.

FRI.— As in the eye of nature he has lived,
So in the eye of nature let him die!

SAT.— Not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,—
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!

—*Wordsworth.*

I Climb to Rest.

Still must I climb if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to its nest;
The young leaf on the treetop high
Cradles itself against the sky.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away;
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work; to rest, for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb;
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend;
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to thee, O God, for rest!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

A Talk with a Bluebird.

The other day I went up on a hill just outside of the city to see what I could see and hear what I could hear. It was a perfect spring morning. As I walked along I could not help thinking of a story I heard a little while ago. It was about two young men who were trying their best to enjoy life. On just such a morning they awoke early. One of them rushed to the window to see what the weather was likely to be. After looking a moment he called out to the other, "O, what a heavenly day this is going to be! Let's go out and kill something!"

How the birds did sing over beyond the hill! There were robins and three kinds of sparrows, birds that said "phebe" and birds that said "couk-a-ree," blackbirds and purple birds, and brown and gray and olive-colored birds. But there was not one of them that pleased me so much as the bluebird. His simple song was the sweetest of all the songs I heard, and his blue coat and rich brown vest made a striking, and at the same time, tasty costume. The particular one I met and talked with was in a large orchard. He was flitting about from tree to tree, evidently in search of a suitable place for a nest.

The bluebird does not go to work and build a nest of sticks and mud as the robin does, but finds a hole which suits him in some tree, and makes his summer-house there. This bird was not very easily suited, for he peeked into one hole after another, popped into it and popped out again; and so he kept on. Seeing that he was disposed to be tame and friendly, I opened conversation with him by asking if he was having more trouble than usual in the selection of a nesting place. He answered right up promptly, "Yes, I'm very particular and my wife is very particular, too, and there are many things to consider. The hole in the tree must not be too shallow nor too deep; it must go in at just the right angle, the opening must not be too large nor too small, nor too easily seen. You've no idea of the responsibility there is about it." Not far off perched his little wife, waiting patiently to begin her housekeeping, and no doubt wishing her mate would not be much longer making up his mind. So I spoke again to him, and said, "What's the matter with that last hole you looked at?" Said he, "It's too low. A boy could reach in with his hand and get all our eggs by and by." "What," said I, "do you really think any boys about here would do such a thing?" "Hm! I guess the less you say about that the better," said he. "But," said I, "next Sunday will be Easter, and folks all, great and small, will go to church and read and sing and talk about the birds and flowers. Surely it can't be possible that any of these people would ever intentionally harm you or any of your kind." "Church!" said he, "don't talk to me about church. I had heard of that concern and what very nice people went there and how kind they were to each other, so one warm day when one of those big holes in the wall was open I flew in. And what do you think I saw there? Dead birds all over the church! And how do you suppose they came there? They were humming-birds and warblers and scarlet tanagers and all sorts of friends of mine. And I could tell by the looks of them that they had been killed, too. They never came there of their own accord. A friend of mine just on from the South tells me they are shot there by the thousand, sent to some great big stores, next to some little stores, and there they are put on those things your wives and children wear on their heads to make them look pretty!" I had nothing to say, so the bluebird went on, "How my heart ached for the poor little mother birds who never would meet their old mates again at the coming of spring, and for the young birds who would have no papas or grandpapas to guide them when the time came for them to take their first journey up into New Hampshire!" Again I had nothing to say. What could I say? After a while I managed to find my tongue, and tried as well as I could to come to the defense of my kind. I remarked, "What you say is no doubt true, and my heart aches as well as yours for all the cruel things which have been done in the past. But I think you, and I, too, may have reason to hope for better things in the future." "O yes," said the bluebird, "that's the way you men are always talking. But if you have any good reason for your belief, I shall be only too glad to hear it. So out with it!" "Well," said I, "next Sunday will be Easter Sunday, and the men and women and children are going to celebrate the memory of a wonderfully great and good person who lived long ago. He taught men to be kind to each other and to every living thing, and I really think they are at last going to put some of his precepts into practice. At any rate," said I, "I will tell them what you have told me, and perhaps some of them may, in future, be unwilling to cause such sad calamities as those you have heard about." "Well," said the bluebird, "I hope it will amount to something this time. But gracious! here I am wasting precious time. I must not talk another minute. My little wife is just dying to lay her first egg, and I have got to hurry up. Good-by, sir! Now don't forget what you have said!" And off he flew.

Concord, N. H. *Fred W. Batchelder.*

Spring's Return.

Hark! a song of spring
Makes the air to ring,
And the buds to quiver
By the rushing river,
And young hearts to burn
For the spring's return!

"Spring has come again!"
Is the glad refrain
Of the robin's trills.
How the warm blood thrills
As the music clear
Falls upon the ear.

Robin dear, sing on!
Wake the gladsome morn.
Soon the buds will swell,
Green leaves deck the dell
Where thy cosy nest
Finds its welcome guest.

Ah! the purling brook,
And the violet nook,
And the robin's call
In the treetops tall,
And the tender fern—
Herald spring's return!

Virginia C. Castleman.

A Good Example of Doctor and Patients.

A good true story is told of a San Francisco woman and a doctor with a conscience. The doctor performed a successful operation for a rich woman, and when asked for his bill presented one for $50. The lady smiled and said: "Do you consider that a reasonable charge, considering my circumstances?" The doctor replied: "That is my charge for that operation; your circumstances have nothing to do with it." The lady drew a check for $500 and presented it to him. He handed it back, saying: "I cannot accept this. My charge for that operation is $50." "Very well," the lady replied. "Keep the check and put the balance to my credit." Some months after she received a long itemized bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, rendered to all sorts of odds and ends of humanity, male and female, black and white, who had been mended at her expense. She was so delighted at it that she immediately placed another check for $500 to his credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same way.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Clouds of Evening.

Cloud merchantmen, with purple deck and sail,
Borne up from sunset by the evening gale—
Long dragon mouths like ragged scimitars,
That follow and devour the little stars!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

A 24-page Weekly. **THE NEW UNITY** $2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO., 185 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

SENIOR EDITOR,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

HIRAM W. THOMAS, CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, OSCAR L. TRIGGS, CHARLES ZUEBLIN, EMIL G. HIRSCH, R. A. WHITE, FREDERICK STARR, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN W. CHADWICK, E. P. POWELL, JOSEPH STOLZ, PHILIP S. MOXOM, W. A. COLLEDGE,

Remittances should be made payable to Alfred C. Clark & Co., and may be by express or money order, postoffice money order, draft, check, or registered letter, as most convenient. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has been paid. No other receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing THE NEW UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.—When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark & Co., 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Station M, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

The Easter Bonnet.

Don't make 'em like they used to—done killed with too much style—
Fixed up with birds an' ribbons till you know 'em half a mile;
They call 'em "Easter bonnets," in the big store windows hung—
Ain't nuthin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

How much completer, sweeter, and neater was the old
Time bonnet, shadin' rosy cheeks an' ringlets black an' gold!
Plain, with no fixins on it—with a string o' red an' blue;
But a kiss beneath that bonnet was as sweet as honey dew!

Don't make 'em like they used to—done killed with too much style;
An' yet—the girls that wear 'em give a feller sich a smile,
He kinder smooths it over—fergives 'em, so high strung—
But they're nuthin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

ALBANY, N.Y.—The third annual bulletin of the Unitarian church of this place exhibits the activities of a church of the new day. It deserves an open cathedral in which activities will not cease by day or by night. Its Sunday-school of ethics and religion undertakes to apply the methods of the new education, to study these problems. The social classes study comparative religions, spending the first year on the religions of Egypt, India, Persia, China and Japan; the second year on the religions of Greece, Rome, the Teutonic peoples and Mohammedanism. There is a Unity club which has its religious section devoted to fortnightly conferences; a literary section which has been concerning itself with Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wagner and travel themes; a sociological section which studies local government; a man's club for the study of political questions. All of these under the direction of William Milton Brundage, pastor.

PHILADELPHIA.—On March 17th, the birthday of Dr. Priestley, one of the founders of the Unitarian church of Philadelphia, was unveiled a monument to the memory of the revered William Henry Furnace in the Unitarian church, over which he served as pastor through two generations of life. The address was made by the present pastor, Joseph May.

ROCK RAPIDS, IA.—Rev. Mr. Gaston has been preaching to Unity church, of Rock Rapids, and to the Liberal friends at Sanborn, alternating, for the last three months. A correspondent says he is "well liked and the audiences are increasing. Some of us hope to be able to attend the Congress at Cedar Rapids."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VICTOR SERENUS. A story of the Pauline Era. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, publishers. Price, $1.50.

THE TWO PATHS. By Marie Watson, F. T. S. Alfred C. Clark & Co., publishers, Chicago.

THE PLACE OF IMMORTALITY IN RELIGIOUS BELIEF. J. Estlin Carpenter. Philip Green, publisher, 5 Essex street, Strand, W. C. Price, $1.00

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush on the Stage.

The pulpit and library have long stood shoulder to shoulder. The influence wielded by the cleric has in many instances, through the medium of his contribution to the world's literature, been extended far beyond the confines of his parish. A substantiation of this statement is found in the widespread vogue of Ian Maclaren's inimitable tales of Scottish life and character. Their underlying gospel has preached the beauty of a well-lived life, and their tenderness, wholesomeness, and domesticity have done incalculable good among the readers of two continents. The employment of these personages as the leading figures about which revolves an enthralling play, treating solely of things that are lovely and of good report, is destined to exert a powerful influence for the restoration of purity in the drama.

Ian Maclaren has given his personal endorsement to the dramatization of his "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" tales, which has been prepared by James MacArthur and Tom Hall. After reading the version Dr. Watson said: "I commend the play to my friends in America, whom I hold in grateful remembrance." Rev. Leslie Moore, an eminent divine of Washington, in a letter expressive of his admiration for the presentation said: "The play should draw a large audience from those people who ordinarily do not attend the theatre, but who appreciate a good, clean, wholesome rendering of that real life so ably pictured in all its joys and sorrows of the author of 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.'"

In compliance with Dr. Watson's request that the cast be selected from those players who would enter into the spirit of his characters, Messrs. Frank L. Perley and Fred M. Ranken have selected a company composed of players who have been a recognition of their merits by earnest endeavor and a strict avoidance of personal notoriety. In the leading rôle will be seen Mr. J. H. Stoddart, an able actor, who expresses the hope that his obituary will read,—if the truth be said—"Mr. Stoddart was ever an honorable God-fearing, Christian man." In this connection, it may be interesting to note that in Seawaren, N. J., is a little church built largely with his earnings as an actor. In the other rôles are Miss Marie Burroughs, an actress who has long enjoyed the esteem of American playgoers; Charles Harbury, Augustus Cook, R. A. Roberts, Cuyler Hastings, Carrie Lee Stoyle, and other equally well-known players. The musical accompaniment based upon famous old-world melodies is a notable feature of the production. The succession of scenes are exquisitely beautiful, and faithful in their reproduction of Drumtochty.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is surely destined to promote the union of two powerful influences in our everyday life, the church and the theatre. Ian Maclaren says that "what good people ought to do is not to ostracize the theatre but to purify it. This they can do by encouraging managers to produce pure and noble plays and support well-living actors till the higher drama be profitable and the lower be left to vicious people, where it will die of destitution." The play comes to McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Easter Monday, April 11th.

COMFORTINGS.

A Book of Selections on

Life and Duty, Death and Immortality.

BY JUDSON FISHER.

These selections are short, tender and devout-voicing the profoundest emotions of the soul.

PRICE, CLOTH, $.75

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,
CHICAGO.

NO SEX IN CRIME.

SECOND EDITION.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

A new edition, uniform in size, type, and style with *A New Help for the Drunkard; Tobacco, the Second Intemperate; Not Institutions, but Homes*, has just come from the press.

Price, Ten Cents.

"This book deals with one of the most momenteous problems of the present age, namely, the present double standard of morality. We have never perused a more thrilling plea for justice."—*The Arena.*

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,
85 Dearborn Street, - - Chicago.

A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
HON. J. H. FUNK, Iowa Falls; Speaker Iowa House of Representatives.
HON. W. H. MCACHRAN, Bloomfield.
REV. SOPHIE GIBB, Boone.
REV. P. M. HARMON, Spring Valley, Minn.
REV. N. S. SAGE, Charles City.
REV. CHARLES GRAVES, Humboldt.
C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.
J. R. BAKER, Cedar Rapids.
C. N. JENKINS, Cedar Rapids.
J. G. CHERRY, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. J. H. OWEN, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

Important Notice

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS

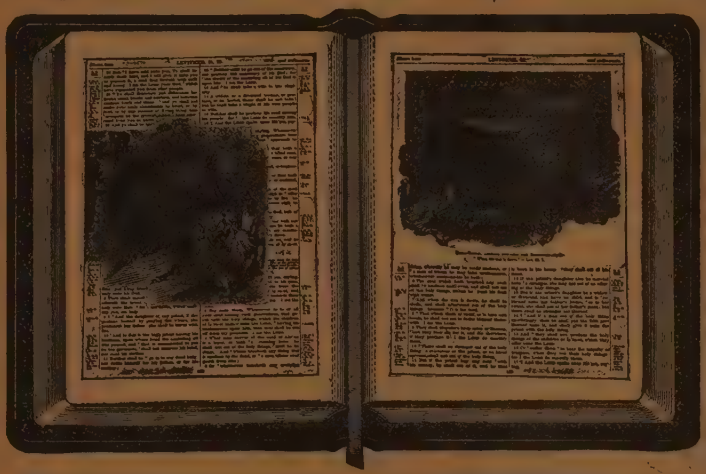
Since its publication last October, nearly **50,000** copies of the **New Illuminated Holy Bible** have been distributed by religious papers, as premiums, etc., at about **one-quarter** regular prices; this being the plan adopted by the American Bible House to speedily advertise and popularize their beautiful new publication. This plan has proved so successful that the New Illuminated Bible is now known throughout the continent and is everywhere recognized as **the most superb edition of the Holy Scriptures ever made.** In consequence of this eminently successful introduction, the publishers announced that their special distribution at introductory prices would **end on March 1;** but in response to numerous requests they have consented **to extend the time for 30 days,** so that our liberal special offers, as given below, will be **continued until April 10. This is**

AN EXTENSION
of our Contract with the
AMERICAN BIBLE HOUSE
enables us to continue our remarkable offer on the new
ILLUMINATED HOLY BIBLE
another 30 days, and orders will therefore be accepted at our special prices
UNTIL APRIL 10

POSITIVELY YOUR LAST CHANCE

to secure the **New Illuminated Holy Bible** at the wonderfully low introductory prices now prevailing. The American Bible House has given us **formal notice** that the **advance** will positively take effect on **April 10. DO NOT DELAY ANOTHER DAY.** Our offer to furnish a magnificent **$15.00** Bible for only **$3.75** seems at first almost too liberal to be genuine; but letters from **thousands of delighted patrons** and testimonials from a host of eminent biblical scholars and divines are sufficient evidence that we can and do supply this

Superb Gallery of Scriptural Art at One-fourth Regular Price



This is a greatly reduced photographic reproduction of **Style No. 3.**
Full Morocco, Red-under-Gold Edges, Round Corners, Divinity Circuit. A beautiful book.

REGULAR PRICE, $15.00.
OUR SPECIAL PRICE,
including a year's subscription to this paper **$4.75**

This Beautiful Bible is essentially different from any other edition of the Holy Scriptures. The pictures actually **illumine**—*i. e.* "throw light upon"—the text. **No other** really illustrated Bible in existence has the **Self-pronouncing Text**—every proper name accented and diacritically marked—a complete Concordance, and full Marginal References. **No other Teachers' Bible has such large and legible type;** none more beautifully printed and elaborately bound. This magnificent edition is clothed in all the beauty that Art can give to such sublime material. The

800 Charming Pictures

are real gems of genius—original conceptions of the greatest artists of our day, produced expressly for this Bible, at a cost exceeding **$50,000.00.** Each is an eye-teaching, heart-reaching sermon on the living reality of the Bible narrative. The

LARGE OPEN TYPE

renders the text quite as legible as that of the large Family Bible. From now until April 10, but not afterward, this superb book will be within the reach of every one of our readers. **Do not neglect your final opportunity.**

These Liberal Special Offers are Good until April 10

OFFER No. 1. Style No. 1, bound in fine English Cloth; regular price, $10.00. Special introductory price, **including 1 year's subscription to this paper** **$3.75**
Or this Bible alone, $2.75

OFFER No. 2. Style No. 2, bound in Full Morocco, Limp, red-under-gold edges; regular price, $12 50 Special introductory price, **including 1 year's subscription to this paper** **$4.25**
Or this Bible alone, $3.25

OFFER No. 3. Style No. 3, bound in Full Morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red-under-gold edges; regular price, $15.00. Special introductory price, **including 1 year's subscription to this paper**..... **$4.75**
Or this Bible alone, $3.75

OUR GUARANTEE:—Cash in full must accompany all orders, with complete shipping directions. Transportation charges are to be paid by purchaser; or, we will agree to deliver the Bible free to any express office in the United States if **50 cents additional** be sent us to **prepay** the express charges. **WE GUARANTEE the Bibles to be exactly as represented, and will cheerfully refund the price to any purchaser who is dissatisfied.** A handsome book of **sample pages** will be mailed **free on request,** but it will be safer to order **at once,** as the **time is short,** and our guarantee covers all risk of disappointment.

A NEW EDITION DE LUXE

Was issued by the American Bible House, on March 1; very elaborately bound in heavy Seal Morocco, with thick bevelled board sides. This edition is intended to take the place of the large Family Bible, and to be used in the pulpit or chapel. It is substantially made, to last for generations—one of the "heirloom" kind. This edition has been prepared in response to a great demand for an

ILLUSTRATED HOME BIBLE

It is printed from the same plates as the New Illuminated Bible, and contains the same illustrations and colored plates. The regular price is $16.00; but we have secured the privilege of offering Style No. 4, until April 10 only, on the following special terms:

OFFER No. 4. **The Illustrated Home Bible, Style No. 4, bound in Full** Seal Morocco, heavy bevelled boards, hand-made cases, gold edges; regular price, **$16.00.** Our special price, **including 1 year's subscription to this paper**..... **$7.00**
Or this Bible alone, $6.00

ILLUSTRATED HOME BIBLE, Style 4

PLEASE UNDERSTAND CLEARLY that the above special orders hold good only until **April 10,** after which date we can supply no more Bibles at the prices quoted, either in connection with a subscription to this paper or otherwise. **We earnestly advise immediate action,** in order to secure one of these beautiful Bibles before the advance in prices. Address at once,

ALFRED C. CLARK, & Co., Pubs., 185 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION

IN THE UNITED STATES

A History of the Six Attempts during the First Century of the Republic.

By EDWARD PAYSON POWELL.

Published by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK, Price $2.00.

The *New York Sun* devotes to its review a whole page.

The *Virginia Historical Magazine* says: "The book is replete with information and interest."

JUDGE GEDDES of Michigan says: "The clear, terse, and vigorous style in which it is written is most admirable, and will give it not only popularity, but permanent value. It is as fascinating as a novel."

JUDGE BALDWIN of Indiana, writes a long review in which he says: "Mr. Powell has made a distinct and valuable contribution to our history. The book is full of profound and suggestive thoughts, and no one can rise from its perusal any more than from that other book, 'Our Heredity from God,' without new ideas and increased respect for its author's ability and industry."

EX-GOVERNOR HOYT, chairman of the committee of one hundred on the National University, writes: "The volume should be read by all Americans. The time has come when the whole broad question of difference between North and South should be justly dealt with, and you have bravely and handsomely led the way."

B. O. FLOWER, founder of the *Arena*, says: "I am delighted with your work. Not only the last chapter which is one of the best things I ever read; but, the entire volume is eminently fair, and your grasp of the subject broad and comprehensive."

LYON G. TYLER, president of William and Mary College, writes: "I am much gratified at the great amount of judicial investigation, so different from the old partisan spirit."

The *Outlook* says: "Nullification and Secession in the United States is a book to be read."

The *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, says: "There is neither partisanship nor sectionalism in the book. Mr. Powell states that his purpose is to write as an American, and not as a Northerner of the six attempts at nullification and secession in the United States. He has succeeded in this endeavor. Mr. Powell has made a valuable contribution to history."

PROF. JANES of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "I could not lay it down until I had finished it."

JAMES SCHOULER, president of the American Historical Association, writes: "I am impressed by your vigorous treatment and fertile suggestiveness. I welcome you to this field of authorship."

FOR SALE BY

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,

185 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

A Choice Little Volume which helps us to be thankful and see Our Father's hand in every experience in life.

KINDLY LIGHT

IN

PRAYER AND PRAISE

By PASTOR QUIET

43 Pages, in Artistic Cloth Binding, price 60 cents—8 cents postage.

A book to put in your pocket when you go to the woods or for the quiet hour by the fireside. Not to be read through at one sitting, but one meditation at a time, and then let the musical thought of that particular song sing itself over and over in your mind until you know it by heart.

You cannot do this without giving praise, nor can you follow the prose portions of the meditations without a conscious uplift of mind and heart.

The book is just what its title indicates, and is an exceedingly attractive gift book.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,

CHICAGO.

We want agents, ladies or gentlemen, girls or boys, to work for THE NEW UNITY and other publications. No experience necessary, Address Alfred C. Clark, & Co., 185-187 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

A HISTORY OF THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY,

IN CHRISTENDOM.

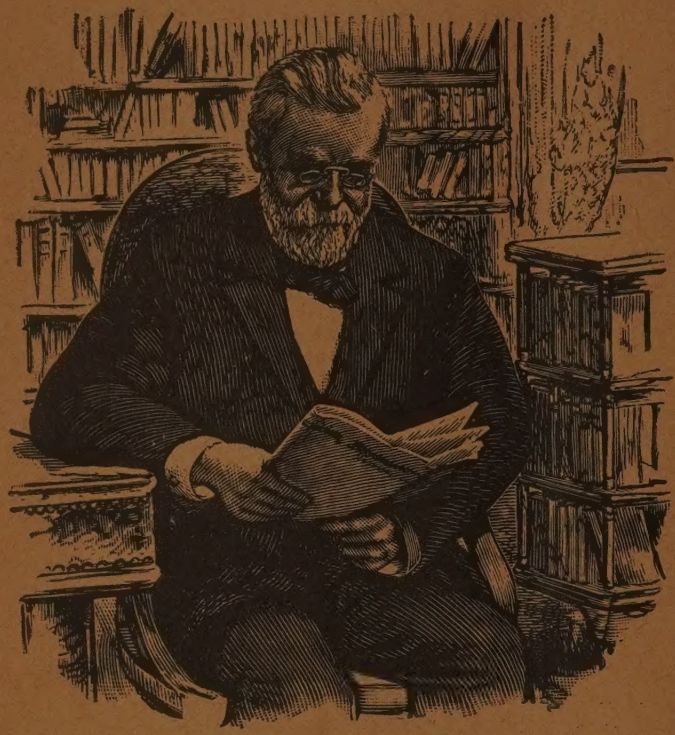
By ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, LL.D. (Yale), L.H.D. (Columbia), Ph. Dr. (Jena); late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. 2 vols., 8vo. Cloth, $5.00.

". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

Address **ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.** Publishers,

185 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Don't Blame The New Unity



THOMAS E. HILL, Editor,
Whose Manual is known to the English speaking world.

IF YOU FAIL TO GET ONE OF THE SUPERB SETS OF

Hill's Practical Encyclopedia Britannica

This paper was very careful to state its proposition in this very important matter at the start. But in order to again inform everybody, so there cannot possibly be a mistake, let it be understood that this distribution is STRICTLY LIMITED. The publishers, in bringing out the new work, decided to place the ENTIRE FIRST EDITION with leading newspapers, in widely separated sections of the country, they to distribute them indiscriminately among their readers, so that a set of the Encyclopedia would fall to this locality and that all over the country, and thus MAKE TALK favorable to the work among the people.

To insure rapid distribution the price at which the set will sell on subscription was cut squarely in halves (from $20.00 to $10.00) and only $1.00 required as a first payment. The remaining $9.00 to be paid in installments of $1.50 per month, which would amount to only A NICKEL A DAY for six months. The publishers agreed that there should be no collectors go around and bother our subscribers; also that each set shipped should be in first-class condition and go by prepaid express.

All in all, it was a proposition of such manifest advantage to NEW UNITY readers that after thoroughly examining into its merits and finding the work just as represented, this paper consented to aid in the distribution. THE NEW UNITY ALLOTMENT IS ABOUT ONE HALF GONE. It should be but a matter of a short time until the remaining sets are exhausted. Therefore don't blame this paper if you don't get your dollar in to us in time to get a set. Of course we will return your money if we are unable to fill your order.

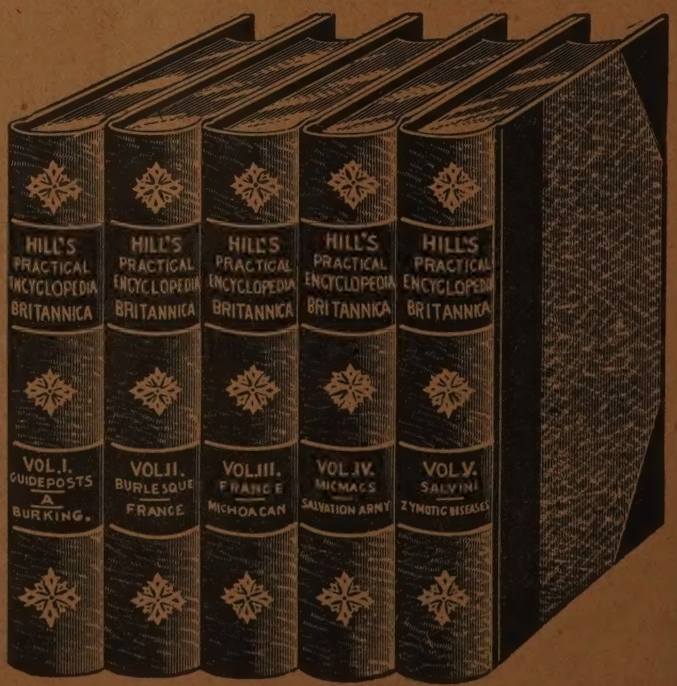
THE EDITOR GUARANTEES THE PUBLIC

The new work is squarely up to date. More than 15,000 subjects are treated, and nearly 2,000 engravings are incorporated into the text. Of this large number 100 (one in twenty) are full pages, while sixteen are large muti-colored plates of the highest artistic finish. Countries, peoples, industries, arts and sciences are adequately described and explained, and every fact, every occurence that can interest or serve the reader finds fitting mention. In addition it goes into all the methods of banking. It gives the Civil Service regulations, shows how the Clearing House conducts business, also, the Board of Trade. All legal terms are defined. The most important part of it all is that the articles are essentially practical. Theories are not discussed, but the facts are plainly and logically stated.

The New Unity Allotment Is About Half Gone

A LONG STEP IN ADVANCE.

Perhaps the strongest and most unique feature of the new work is the treatment of manufacturing of the various articles of the world's commerce. Over two hundred and fifty articles are followed in the process of manufacture from the time the raw material goes into the mill, factory or workshop until it comes out a finished product. Every detail of the work is given. It tells how buttons are made of blood; how a hole is bored through a crooked amber pipestem; how butterine is made and what its constituents are; how sugar is made from beets; how an ax is made; how silk is grown and manufactured; the process of wool manufacture; in fact, it would be difficult to name a single article of commerce which is not described in this work.


HILL'S PRACTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA
VOL. I. GUIDEPOSTS A BURKING.
VOL II. BURLESQUE FRANCE
VOL III. FRANCE MICHOACAN
VOL IV. MICMACS SALVATION ARMY
VOL V. SALVINI ZYMOTIC DISEASES

If you want a set, DONT WAIT

FILL OUT THE BLANK BELOW.

SET WILL BE SHIPPED AT ONCE.

Date.....

The New Unity,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Please ship at once, charges prepaid, one set of Hill's Practical Encyclopedia Britannica, complete in 5 volumes, for which I enclose $1.00 as first payment. I further agree to pay 5 cents a day (remitting the same monthly, beginning 30 days from date), until the remaining $9.00 is paid.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

State.....

LATEST PUBLICATIONS OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES

ALL SOULS PULPIT NO. 10

A Plea for Peace Among the Nations

With special reference to the perplexities of our government

Dedicated to President McKinley, to Whom is Given a Hard Task and a High Opportunity. With suggestion of the peace flag on the cover.

NEW EDITIONS OF

DEATH AS A FRIEND

With illustration of French's bas relief on cover.

THE SELFISHNESS OF GRIEF

GREAT HOPES FOR GREAT SOULS

In Covers.

The above sold for ten cents each.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

The New Unity

185 Dearborn Street **Chicago, Illinois**

The World Exists for the Education of Each Man.—*Emerson.*

"The Individual"

A JOURNAL OF SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY

CONDUCTED BY

JAMES GARRARD STEVENSON

CONTENTS FOR APRIL

Introductory
Social Ideals
Opportunity
Social Movement of the Coming Century
A Notable Book
The Colonization Movement
An Ideal Colony
Sapelo Island

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. TEN CENTS A COPY.

Do You Read "The New Unity"?

Hereafter the annual membership fee to the LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION (Five Dollars) will include a year's subscription to THE NEW UNITY.

If you wish to be enrolled as a member of the LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, fill out the order-blank below, inclose five dollars, and send it to the General Secretary. Your name will then be placed upon the membership-roll of the Liberal Congress of Religion, and upon the subscription-books of THE NEW UNITY.

If you are already a member of the LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and have not paid your annual membership fee, remit five dollars to the General Secretary and your name will then be placed upon the subscription-books of THE NEW UNITY.

Subscribers to THE NEW UNITY may become members of the LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION and have their subscription set forward one year by remitting five dollars to the General Secretary and stating that they are already subscribers to the paper.

"BIG FOUR"

THREE GREAT TRAINS.

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"WHITE CITY SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

FLORIDA AND SOUTH.

DIXIE FLYER ROUTE.

Double Daily Sleepers between Nashville and Jacksonville, via Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon and Tifton. Buffet Sleeper between St. Louis and Charleston, via Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Augusta. For information concerning rates to Winter Resorts, Land and Homeseekers Excursions South, Sleeping Car reservation, etc., apply to Briard F. Hill, N. P. Agt., 328 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, or J. H. Mittler, N. W. P. Agt., Box 609, St Louis, Mo. For pamphlets regarding lands and resources of country traversed by Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, address J. B. Killebrew, Immigration Agent, Room 75 Chamber of Commerce, Nashville, Tenn.

MONON ROUTE CHICAGO & CINCINNATI-LINE C H&D

Best Line
—TO—
Indianapolis, Cincinnati
—AND THE—
South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE:
232 CLARK STREET, - CHICAGO.

In Going to St. Paul and Minneapolis

The wise traveler selects the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Why?

It is the best road between Chicago and the Twin Cities.

It has the most perfect track.

Its equipment is the finest.

Its sleeping cars are palaces.

Its dining car service is equal to the best hotels.

Its electric-lighted trains are steam-heated.

Its general excellence has no equal.

It is patronized by the best people.

It is the favorite route for ladies and children as well as for men.

It is the most popular road west of Chicago,

It gives the choice of seven trains daily.

City ticket office, 95 Adams Street, Chicago.

Announcements.

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 844 Burling Street. Pastor, Rev. Robert Jardine, D.Sc. Morning services, 10:45; Sunday School, 12:15 P.M.; Meeting of Y. P. C. U., 7:30 P.M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martin's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Minister.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish), Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 33d Street. M. Perez Jacobson, Minister.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL (Unitarian), corner Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches Sunday afternoons and evenings.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLES' CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH, (Universalist), Sheridan Avenue and 64th Street. Sunday services 11 A.M. and, 8 P.M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A.M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P.M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P.M. Rev, Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Avenue.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish) Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, Steinway Hall. W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, Minister.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard. I. S. Moses, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, Lewis Institute. F. C. Southworth, Minister.

UNITARIAN HEADQUARTERS, and other Activities, 175 Dearborn Street, room 93. Open daily.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place. J. S. Thomson, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park.

THE EASY FOOD

Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest. Easily the Best Cereal Food in the world.

QUAKER OATS

Delicious, healthful and economical. At all Grocers in 2-lb. packages.

Join the Magazine Union

EIGHT LEADING MAGAZINES EVERY MONTH FOR A YEAR,

In all from $12 to $15 Worth for

$1.00

Our New Catalogue giving

Wholesale Price to Members

of all periodicals and Eight Popular Magazines, with full particulars for

10 CENTS.

Magazine Union, Plainville, Mass.

The Selfishness of Grief.

Second Edition.

Uniform with "Death as a Friend." "No more helpful treatise of this theme — Death — has come from any pen, than these sermons by Jenkin Lloyd Jones." **Price, Five Cents.**

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,

185 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL NIGHT TRAIN

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis **Reads via Illinois Central Railroad.** It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Perhaps You Have Heard

of a railway system running between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, known as the Wisconsin Central Lines. Before making a journey to any of these northwestern points, inquire relative to the Fast and Elegantly Equipped Trains which leave Chicago daily via the Wisconsin Central. Your nearest ticket agent can give you complete information.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

GIFT BOOKLETS.

Culture without College.
House Beautiful.
Each by W. C. GANNETT, and daintily bound in white or tinted paper.....15c

A Year of Miracle. By W. C. GANNETT. Limp 50c.; cloth, gilt.....$1.00

The Education of the Soul. A study of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister".....10c

The Cause of the Toiler.....10c.

The Word of the Spirit. To the Nation, City, Church, Home, Individual.....50c by JENKIN LLOYD JONES, and in white paper covers.

The Faith that Makes Faithful. By W. C GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES. Paper white.....50c

More than Kin. By JAMES VILA BLAKE. half cloth.....1.00

Borrowings. Poems and Selections from Great Authors (White and Gold).....75c.
More Borrowings.....75c

For Thought and for Remembrance. Dainty gift booklet of poems and selections.....25c.

The Beauty of Kindness. By James Vila Blake.....10c.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,

185 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

PIANOS

BY MAIL.

You can buy an IVERS & POND Piano just as cheaply, as safely, and as satisfactorily of us by mail as in person at our warerooms. How? Write, and we'll tell you.

We send our pianos on trial at our expense to any part of the United States where they are not sold by a local dealer. Send us a postal card and receive FREE our CATALOGUE and prices for cash and on EASY PAYMENTS.

If you want a piano, a postal card may save you $75 to $100. Send it to-day.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,

114 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

without a cent payment. Swell '98 Bicycles, $14 to $27.50. 12 000 on hand for spring trade. 500 SHOPWORN and used wheels, $5. to $12. **BICYCLE FREE** for the season to agents; write for particulars. **EARN A BICYCLE** and make money by a little work in your locality. *Special proposition to early applicants.* WE OFFER THIS WEEK—100 New '97 Boys' and Girls' Wheels, M. & W. Tires, $9.75 each. Art Catalogue and information free.

Mead & Prentiss, Ave. F, Chicago.

"LIFE-HELPS."

1. **A Wayside Prophet.** By Marion D. Shutter.
3. **The House Beautiful.** By William C. Gannett.
4. **Heart-Ache and Heart's-Ease.** By Charles G. Ames.
5. **Beauty of Character.** By Paul R. Frothingham.

Single copy, 6 cents. Ten copies assorted, 50 cents.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

ALFRED C. CLARK & CO.,

Publishers,

185-187 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Box 3, Concord Junction, Mass.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO